



R E C O R D

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

College of Liberal Arts

Offers for young men a broad program of college subjects serving as a foundation for the understanding of modern culture, social relations, and technical achievement. Students may concentrate in any of the following fields: Biology, Chemistry, Economics-Sociology, English (including an option in Journalism), and Mathematics-Physics. Varied opportunities available for vocational specialization. Degree: Bachelor of Science or Bachelor of Arts.

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Offers for young men curricula in Civil, Mechanical (with Diesel, Air-Conditioning, and Aeronautical options), Electrical, Chemical, Industrial Engineering, and Engineering Administration. Classroom study is supplemented by experiment and research in well-equipped laboratories. Degree: Bachelor of Science in the professional field of specialization.

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Offers for young men six curricula: Accounting, Banking and Finance, Marketing and Advertising, Journalism, Public Administration, and Industrial Administration. Each curriculum provides a sound training in the fundamentals of business practice and culminates in special courses devoted to the various professional fields. Degree: Bachelor of Science in Business Administration.

School of Law

Offers three-year day and four-year evening undergraduate programs leading to the degree of Bachelor of Laws. A minimum of two years of college work, or its full equivalent, required for admission to undergraduate programs. Case method of instruction.

The School also offers a two-year evening program open to graduates of approved law schools and leading to the degree of Master of Laws. Undergraduate and graduate programs admit men and women.

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Offer curricula through evening classes in Accounting, Industrial Management, Distributive Management, and Engineering and Business, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Business Administration in specified fields. Preparation for C. P. A. Examinations. A special four-year curriculum in Law and Business Management leading to the Bachelor of Commercial Science degree with appropriate specification is also offered. Shorter programs may be arranged. Co-educational.

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Certain courses of the College of Liberal Arts are offered during evening hours affording concentration in Economics, English, History and Government or Social Science. A special program preparing for admission to the School of Law is also available. The program is equivalent in hours to one-half the requirement for the A.B. or S.B. degree. Associate in Arts title conferred. Co-educational.

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The Colleges of Liberal Arts, Engineering and Business Administration offers day programs for men only, and are conducted on the co-operative plan. After the freshman year, students may alternate their periods of study with periods of work in the employ of business or industrial concerns at ten-week intervals. Under this plan they gain valuable experience and earn a large part of their college expenses.

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DIRECTOR OF ADMISSIONS

Boston, Massachusetts

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Name

Address

C-8

THE RECORD

THE ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

RECORDINGS

Literary

THE COWARD	Arthur M. Quilty, '41	6
LITTLE BROWN JUG	P. A. Crookles, '41 and W. L. Graffam, '41	9
THE RESPECTABLE CITIZEN	Mark S. Koven, '41	11
I WANT A MAID	W. L. Graffam, '41 and Bruce Laffey, '43	15
THE DUKE	Frank A. Mack, '41	16
THE SPIDER AND THE FLY	Edward Kaplan, '41	18
ME AN' BUTCH	James T. Murphy, '41	34

Departmental

IN MEMORIAM		
EDITORIALS		4
ATHLETIC NOTES	George E. Engelson, '41	27
SUB TURRI	George P. Changelian, '41	24
ENCORES	W. L. .G.	30
WITH THE ALUMNI	Alfred F. Arcieri '41	31
CRUISING THE CORRIDORS	P. A. C.	33
PROFESSOR NOAH LOTTE	William Lane Graffam, '41	36
POETRY	Joel S. Newman, '41	

Art

COVER DESIGN	Herman L. James, '41
CARTOONS	H. L. J.

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WALTER INGERSOLL CHAPMAN

IN MEMORIAM

WALTER INGERSOLL CHAPMAN, head of the Department of Spanish and Italian, was born on April 7, 1877 in Somerville, where he passed away suddenly on March 5, 1941. In the public schools he prepared for Boston University where he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

Mr. Chapman started his teaching career in the Philippine Islands where he became Supervisor of the Bago Occidental Negro School. In 1903 Mr. Chapman was appointed principal of Rizal Institute, Bacolod Occidental Negro. Some of his experiences in the Philippine Islands have come to many of his pupils in the form of amusing anecdotes. One in particular may be related. It was in the rainy season, accompanied with high winds when his little cottage was flooded by the surging water. Of the occasion he remarked whimsically that clad in his raincoat and rubber boots, he stood in water thigh deep trying in vain to bail out the water. His keen sense of humor, balanced with an austerity of manner commanded the absolute respect of his pupils.

Returning to the United States from the Philippines in 1907, Mr. Chapman became the principal of a grammar school in Valley Falls, Rhode Island. He also served as headmaster in the grammar schools at Natick and Attleboro, Massachusetts. Mr. Chapman even taught in his home-town at Somerville High School where he was sub-master from 1911 to 1916.

In 1916 Mr. Chapman was appointed to the faculty of the English High School, assuming his responsibilities in October. Four years later he was promoted to Master, Head of Department. He was active in the Modern language Council, more than once serving as president of that body, an office that he held during the current year.

Outside of his school activities Mr. Chapman was interested in various organizations. He belonged to the Boston University Chapter of Beta Theta Pi, the University Club, and the New England Modern Language Association. He had held the offices of President of the Men's Club of Boston University; President of the Alumni Association of Boston University, College of Liberal

Arts; and was on the Board of Directors of the Alumni Association. During Boston University's Endowment Campaign he was an active and ardent worker.

In his own city of Somerville Mr. Chapman served on the school committee for eight years, and for four years held the office of Vice-Chairman of that body. He was a member of the Somerville Council of Churches and was Treasurer of the First Methodist Church at the time of his death.

His personal interests outside of his school work were varied. He was an ardent reader, being well read in the latest publications of the best authors. Likewise his love of music was unlimited as shown by his selection of the best in symphony records and his subscriptions to the New York Philharmonic (Broadcast) and to The National Broadcasting Orchestra. He also attended the Boston Symphony Orchestra Series. In sports his interest ran to baseball, football and billiards. Frequently during the football season he played the game on paper as he listened to the radio broadcast.

The personality of Mr. Chapman was impressive and lasting. Former pupils of his were continually recalling something he had said or done years before. Although he saw thousands of boys come and go in his twenty-five years at English High School, Mr. Chapman never forgot a face. In a flash he would point to the very seat that a former pupil had occupied—much to the astonishment of the whole class. To him every boy was an individual with his own particular problem; he had a knick-name for every one, playful little sobriquets which students will always associate with those happy moments they spent with him.

Those who knew Mr. Chapman will never forget him. Sociable, loyal, and upright, he was the perfect exemplar of the gentleman, the scholar, the teacher, the friend. Students and teachers alike shall miss him, but as long as the faculty of memory exists in the minds of men, he will be remembered.



Mr. Kane, Faculty Adviser, talks it over with Paul A. Crookles, '41, Editor-in-Chief of the Record.

FIRST PRIZE

"The E. H. S. RECORD wins a first prize in competition with schools from all over the United States!"

This was the good news recently announced by the Columbia Scholastic Press Association. For seventeen years, this association has ranked the student publications of the secondary schools of the entire United States and thereby has fostered good will and clean competition between the secondary schools of this country.

Each of these schools publishes its own magazine and selects its own staff. From Maine to California aspiring editors, short story writers, artists, and reporters are chosen each year and moulded

together as a unit to represent and uphold the honor of their school in the field of literature. The efforts of the various staffs throughout the country are aimed at one goal, First Prize in the division in which their school is competing.

The schools are grouped in separate divisions according to the size of their student bodies. Classed with schools having an enrollment of between 3100 and 5000, the Boston English High School RECORD has always made a worthy showing but never before has it won First Prize. It is fitting to note that the competition in the division in which the RECORD is entered is always very keen and always very hard fought. The secondary schools having enrollments of between 3100 and 5000 usually have more students of literary and artistic talent than the schools of smaller enrollments.

It is in such competition with schools in such large cities as New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, that the Boston English High School RECORD has attained Honor and Achievement for the City of Boston, English High School, and its students. This achievement and honor was the result of teamwork and hard work. The RECORD Staff and the Faculty Advisors have worked toward one goal—the maintenance of the dignity and honor of the oldest school publication in the country. The backing and the spirit of the student body has made this goal a reality.

The award of a First Prize by the Columbia University Press Association is the crowning point of a successful year. The RECORD Staff joins with the Faculty Advisors in thanking the student body for its support all year and to the judges for selecting our magazine for First Prize. We of the RECORD staff are proud of our accomplishment and wish the RECORD staffs in the years to come the same success that has been ours in this year of 1941.

—F. A. M., '41

CONGRATULATIONS

"Please extend my heartiest congratulations to the teachers and pupils who cooperated in this project. . . . I am glad to note that in the past six years four second prizes have been awarded the school and that finally the first prize has been earned. This all indicates a fine spirit of workmanship and I am delighted that such a distinguished honor has come to the English High School."

—Arthur L. Gould, Superintendent of Schools

"I noted with real pleasure and pride that the English High School RECORD has finally achieved national distinction. In my judgment, such appraisal has long been due.

"Due to the contributions of the faculty members, and the members of the student board of editors, and the general support of the student body, we have had one of the best school papers in the country for a long period of time.

"Please extend my congratulations to all who have helped to place it upon this high standard."

Walter F. Downey, Commissioner of Education for Commonwealth of Massachusetts

STAFF WINS HIGH HONOR

English High Record Gets Top Place Win

NEW YORK, March 14 (UP)—The Record, publication of English High School, Boston, was awarded first place in the senior High School printed magazines division of schools having enrollment from 2501 to 5000 by the Columbia Scholastic Press Association today.

The Lawrencian, Lawrence High School paper, Falmouth, Mass., won the medal award, top honor, for papers of High Schools with less than 300 enrollment.

Fifth Time Record Has Won Columbia Prizes

This is the fifth time that the English High School "Record" has received an award from Columbia. Four times previously the school publication received silver medals.

The magazine, started in 1895, is believed by Martin F. Kane, faculty advisor, to be the oldest public high school paper of its kind in the country. The magazine is produced as an activity of the English department.

This year's editor-in-chief is Paul F. Crookles of the Back Bay, a senior. Among former editors-in-chief are Lieut. Gov. Horace T. Cahill, Lieut. Col. Paul G. Kirk, Superior Court judge, and Albert F. Feed, acting headmaster of English High School.

Arthur J. Sullivan of the faculty is business manager and Thomas J. Heffernan is literary adviser of the magazine.

English High Magazine Wins

The coveted Gold Medal Award for the finest high school magazine in the United States recently was given to the English High School Record, the monthly publication of the pupils of the English High School, in Boston. The award was made by Columbia University in its 17th Annual Magazine Contest of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association, from among 2,000 high school magazines of the United States and Hawaii.

The English High School Record is the oldest of the high school magazines in the United States; having been published since 1885.

Some of the bases on which the award was made were the idea of the magazine, the layout, the editorial contents, and the photography. The magazine, with a staff

of 30 students, is under the direction of Martin F. Kane, Faculty Adviser, Arthur J. Sullivan, Business Manager, and Thomas C. Heffernan, Literary Adviser.

Among former editors of the English High School Record are: Horace T. Cahill, Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts, Nat Barrows, Boston newspaperman, and Judge Paul G. Kirk, Lieutenant Colonel of the 101st Infantry.

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H. S. Record Given School Paper Award

NEW YORK, March 14 (UP)—The Record, publication of English high school, Boston, was awarded first place in the senior high school printed magazines division of schools having enrollment from 2501 to 5000 by the Columbia Scholastic Press Association today.

The Lawrencian, Lawrence high school paper, Falmouth, Mass., won the medal award, top honor, for papers of high schools with less than 300 enrollment.

English High Paper Best 'Record' Is First In National Contest

The English High School Record, the oldest high school magazine in the nation, was awarded the first-prize gold medal by the Columbia University Press Association yesterday as winner of a competition of 2000 senior high school magazines of the United States and Hawaii. Paul A. Crookles of Jamaica Plain, a senior, is editor-in-chief of the paper.

The award was the initial first-prize for the Record, which had its first printing in 1885, although the publication had received four second prizes in competition with schools having enrollments of 3000 to 5000.

The Lawrencian, the paper of the Lawrence High School of Falmouth, won the top honor for papers of high schools with fewer than 300 enrollment.

Of the 30 staff members of the Record, which is published six times a year, the following had "by lines" in the prize winning number: Paul A. Crookles, Mark S. Koven, Julius Ousley, William L. Graffam, Edwin Chin, George E. Engelson, Alfred F. Arcieri, Robert Cohen and Herman L. James.

English High Honored

English High School Record, monthly publication of the pupils of Boston's English High School, has been given the much-prized Gold Medal Award for the finest school magazine in the United States.

Award was made by Columbia University, in its 17th annual magazine contest of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association, from among 2000 high school magazines of the United States and Hawaii.

Editors of the school magazine and the school itself are to be congratulated on this signal honor. Boston's school magazines are uniformly good and it is pleasing to have one selected for nation-wide attention.

THE COWARD

By ARTHUR QUILTY, '41

IT was unfortunate that the Judge had to come to Hayne. Had he been bought by some family in the U. S., he would probably have lived a normal and happy lifetime as a housedog. But the fate which sent him to the little town of Hayne at the foot of Mt. Alvia in Alaska also decreed a turbulent life span for the little cocker. When the Judge arrived at his new home and set about wriggling and squirming his way into the hearts of his new owners, he had no idea that he had arrived in a town steeped for generations in the traditions of its dogs—a town which had produced several dogs whose deeds were legend in the hardy country. Nor did Vance Whitecomb realize when he sent to the states for a suitable dog for his cherished little son Bobby, that he was letting himself in for such a headache.

One day several weeks after he had arrived in Hayne, the Whitcomb's new dog, named Judge because his absurd cocker ears reminded Mrs. Whitcomb of the wig worn by English barristers, set out to explore the vicinity of his new home. In the course of his ramblings, the Judge met a dog belonging to a neighbor. Without meaning to, the Judge began to growl down in his chest; and, pleased by the sound, continued to exploit his new discovery. The other dog, not at all interested in the Judge's vocal experiments and tremendously peeved at being growled at tore into the hapless puppy. Bewildered and hurt for the first time in his life, the Judge took to his heels and covered the distance to his house in something approaching record time for the course. This was the first of many such occurrences; and finally the Judge would slink out into the street to avoid another bristling dog. The

people of Hayne began to call him The Coward, and they made this name stick. Vance was so disgusted that he would have disposed of the Judge had it not been for the pleas of his son, Bobby. Thus the Coward lived on for five years scorned by all men and ignored by the dogs. Then one cold winter night the Coward returned the white feather.

Vance Whitecomb had one enemy in the world. Since the time he had publicly humiliated him, Henry Herzog had passionately hated Whitecomb and had sworn many times to avenge himself. Having been sober long enough recently to feel his rancor smouldering in his breast, Herzog had decided to carry out his threats. He planned to kidnap Bobby and besides avenging his honor, to make enough money in ransom to go on an extended trip.

One cold November afternoon his chance came. Vance and his wife had gone to Peckville, the next town, twelve miles away for a day's shopping, leaving Bobby in care of one of the girls of the town. About four-thirty, a tall figure carrying a rifle strode out of the woods behind the house and thundered imperatively on the door. When the girl opened up, she was quickly thrust inside with a hand clapped over her mouth. She was swiftly bound and gagged and stuffed unceremoniously into a closet. Then the kidnapper bounded to the bedroom where Bobby was sitting wide-eyed, awakened by the commotion. When he saw Herzog stride into the room, Bobby, five years old now and sound of wind and lusty of lung, began to shout his loudest. The Judge who had been sleeping on the floor, was puzzled. As far as he knew, all men who entered the house were friends, and he could see no reason for Bobby's shouting. But when the intruder started to grab Bobby and gag him, Judge advanced threateningly on the stranger. Herzog simply turned his attention from Bobby for a moment, and grabbing Judge by the throat and tail, slung him into a closet and shut the door on him. Gagging Bobby and bundling him in blankets against the cold, he carried him downstairs and out of the house. Judge threw himself against the door until he forced the latch and the door burst open. Down the stairs and out into



the yard the Judge rushed. He had no heroic ideas of rescue in mind; he simply knew his master was in some sort of trouble, and he intended to be with him. He spotted the fleeing Herzog, with Bobby in his arms, and went galloping after him. Glancing apprehensively over his shoulder, Herzog caught sight of the dog and cursed. Setting down his burden he shouldered his rifle and taking hasty aim, fired. Seeing the dog tumble head over heels, Herzog picked up his bundle and continued to the edge of the woods where he put on a pair of snowshoes he had cached there, and continued.

The Judge was not dead. The bullet had struck and shattered his left rear leg. The dog sat up and a wave of pain such as he had never before known, swept over him. He looked down at his shattered member which was bleeding. The pain was increasing, his senses were reeling; but Judge licked his wound and looked after his master. With a marked effort he heaved himself up onto his three good legs and started across the field. He disappeared into the woods, dragging his shattered leg behind, whining piteously to himself, and leaving a thin red thread of his life blood behind him.

The sun disappeared into its cave in the West, pulling the light in after it. Night came and took the northland in its grip of black, intense cold. The cold, in a way, was good for Judge; it numbed his broken leg so that he couldn't feel all the pain. But on the other hand, it was hard for Judge, a house dog, to stand its icy press, and he suffered. All night long he suffered, following that faint trail up, up, into the trackless stretches of the merciless Alvia. He dragged himself along mile after mile, suffering the exquisite tortures of the North reserved for those unused to its rigors who venture unprotected into it. And so the Judge dragged his torture-wrecked body on just a little further—one more step—one more mile—up, up. Finally, many long hours later, the little speck toiling up the side of Mt. Alvia, saw a few hundred yards ahead of him a fire. The Judge was crawling now and his fur was frozen stiff on his little body where he had fallen through the ice into a brook, but his heart stepped up its faint tempo at the scent of his Bobby. The Judge dragged himself into the circle of light, his pink tongue flicking out over his nose in a shamefaced apology for his dilapidated condition, his little stump of tail beating out a happy tattoo on the frozen snow.



When Herzog, sitting up by the fire having a last pipe, saw this apparition, he almost swallowed the pipe, bowl and all. But he quickly recovered himself and reaching for his rifle and taking better aim this time, squeezed the trigger. A soft nosed bullet crashed through the white chest and the little heart which had been fluttering so valiantly was stilled. The little tail ceased its thumping. Terrified by the thought of pursuit, Herzog smothered his fire and snatching up the bundled Bobby, fled on towards his destination.

The people of that country dearly love to tell the next part of this story. They love to sit around a stove and tell how the men of Hayne tracked the kidnapper. When Vance Whitcomb returned home that night, and discovered the loss of his son, he was frantic. He summoned his neighbors who responded to a man. From the girl whom they found in the closet, they got the full story; and when Vance found it was Herzog who had taken his son, he was desperate. They could never hope to track Herzog up into those trackless wastes. They were all sitting around the house trying to help Vance console Mrs. Whitcomb, when one of their number burst in excitedly. He had discovered something out in the yard. The men trooped out and by the light of a flashlight found a thin trail of blood running up into the woods.

At dawn they started out on the scarlet trail. Either Herzog or the child was bleeding; they never thought of the Judge at a time like this such was his character. They followed a thin scarlet thread running up the side of the mountain, over frozen streams and over a few jagged exposed rocks. They followed it eagerly, until at noon, they burst around a huge rock and found

the end of the thread. There lay the Judge in a frozen pool of his own blood. The men of Hayne gathered open-mouthed around the little corpse. He had been dead most of the night, and had a bullet hole in his chest. The men of Hayne examined the body of the Judge. His fur was frozen stiff from where he had fallen into the icy water. There were balls of ice between the pads of his paws, and the men of Hayne knew what that meant. It is torture for any dog to walk on paws in that condition. He had cut his paws on some of the rocks, and the cuts had frozen over; his leg was cruelly shattered. The men of Hayne looked about at one another. They looked down over the long trail up which they had toiled and thought how it would be to climb all that cruel way with a shattered leg and torture punctuating every step. They knew how it would be dragging along step after step, sick with the pain, numb with the cold, pulling yourself along by the heart-strings. They looked at the dog and they knew what had brought him up this far. Call it devotion to principle if you will. The men of Hayne

were unfamiliar with this term. They called it "Guts." But one of the men broke in upon the thoughts of the group.

"Dag-nabbit!" he yelled, "are we going to stand around here all day? If that varmit has come this way, I got a good idee where he's goin'." The men snapped out of their reverie, nodded, and followed the old man. Within a few hours, the kidnapper was surprised and captured, and the party returned down the mountainside. Judge had done his work better than he knew. On the way down, the party stopped for a minute and willing hands picked up a frozen little dog and carried him tenderly down into the village.

If you go to Hayne today, you will see in the middle of the town, a slab which has about it the air of a monument. It is just that. It is a monument to the memory of a dog erected by men who knew dogs and loved them. At the top of the slab are chiseled the words: "The Judge"; and below on a bronze plaque, in flowery phrases is told the story of Judge—The Coward.

SPRING

Happy are the winds of spring
Sighing softly thru the trees,
Murmuring with the droning bees,
Racing o'er the grassy leas,
Gladdening each living thing.

Winter's frozen tears are gone,
Melted by the festive breeze,
Decking fields with floral wreaths,—
All the world with new life seethes,
Frolicking on April's lawn.

As winter's last cold echoes die,
Springtime laughs and so do I.

—J. S. N. '41

LITTLE BROWN JUG

By PAUL A. CROOKLES, '41 AND WILLIAM L. GRAFFAM, '41

THEY were in jail again. It seemed impossible that Uncle Louey and Yascha could get themselves into so much trouble, but the judge had against them a mile long list of accusations, some very familiar, others entirely new and unfamiliar to the boys.

"What does that guy mean by charging us with a salty battery?" queried Yascha. "Does he mean that we're gonna get the hot seat?"

"I don't know. But I'm sure glad that they're not charging us with beating up those cops!" sighed Louey.

They made themselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. Louey threw himself down on the bunk, but alas! Yascha had removed it to the other side of the cell. After Yascha had dragged the broken and bleeding body to another corner, he himself sat down and taking out his knitting, he continued working on his "Bundle for Britain."

Just as Yascha was finishing his shroud, Uncle Louey awakened. He was immediately put to sleep again by a flying copy of the Encyclopedia Britannica which came in through the now open cell door. Several dozen more copies entered in the same fashion, accompanied by a sundry of sardine cans, ink bottles, penholders, and about a hundred copies of the March RECORD. Louey was about to shout in protest when something flew in even stranger than any of its predecessors. It was long and thin, clothed entirely in black, and defied description. It was Professor Noah Lotte and Company.

The professor dug himself out from beneath the sardine cans and introduced himself to our heroes.

"I," began the professor, "am Professor Noah Lotte, intrepid explorer, traveler, physicist, and astronomer. I am at your service, gentlemen. Ask what you will."

"Ours is a very simple request," whispered Louey with a doubtful glance at the eight-foot thick walls. "How can we GET OUT OF THIS PLACE?"

"Easy!" responded the professor. "Have you any matches?"

Louey and Yascha shook their heads.

"Well, never mind, my glasses will be all right,"

the professor lisped. "A good Boy Scout can always start a fire that way."

"Fire!" echoed Louey and Yascha.

"No, not a fire," the professor pontificated. "Only a smoke signal. That's the way to get in touch with Granny."

"Granny? Smoke signal?" giggled Yascha. "Are you bats?"

"Who knows?" chirped the professor. "But, for the present, let us throw everything out through the window bars."

After exchanging significant glances, Yascha and Uncle Louey threw all the junk outside. When the pile reached the window ledge, the professor started a fire with his glass. Despite Yascha's spirited opposition, they finally appropriated his shroud as a signal blanket.

"D-e-a-r G-r-a-n-n-y, u-s-u-a-l p-l-a-c-e," they spelled out.

Our three friends then sat down to await results. Four hours later they spied Granny coming down the hill in her armored tank. At the edge of the town she disembarked and hopped to the jail on her pogo stick.

"Good afternoon, Noah!" she barked as she approached the cell. "I'm giving the jailer one of your brownies."

"Thanks, lady," said the jailer, "I always did like brownies."

"Well, sonny," screamed Granny, "I don't think you'll ever have another like this one!"

When the jailer had gone, Granny turned to the boys. "You see this cake. Well, I've hidden a file, a saw, a pick-lock, three sticks of dynamite, and a road map in it. I put your umbrella and rubbers in, too, Noah, because it looks like rain. And if you get real hungry you can eat the cake."

"That's swell," groaned the three prisoners.

Then the professor introduced his two companions to Granny, and a lively conversation went on for a few minutes. Soon the guard reeled in and told them that Granny would have to go.

"Let's open the cake!" hollered Louey as Granny and the jailer disappeared into the outer office. "That jazzy jailer may come back."

"Never!" said the professor. "There was

enough cyanide in that brownie Granny gave him to kill a horse."

But breaking the cake was not so easy as might have been expected. No amount of jumping, beating, or pounding would open it. Finally the professor took charge.

"Stand back!" he bellowed. The professor hurled the cake through the cell window; it exploded and luckily blew the wall down on top of three passing RECORD columnists.

"Run!" hissed the professor. "Some one may have heard us!"

And the boys did run. Through hills and dales, across deserts and mountains, through towns and cities, they raced. Finally they came to a forbidding mansion in the midst of a dark grove. The butler who had been dead ten years, opened the door to their knocking. They had just crossed the threshold when the butler let loose a horrible scream.

"What's the matter?" asked Yascha.

"Go no farther," warned the butler. "There is a pit in front of you."

After they had hauled Louey out of the hole, they stepped into the parlor of the house where they were met by the owner.

"I am the master of this house!" he gurgled through a foamy froth. "My name is Otto B. DePorted." At mention of the word "deported," Martin F. Dies appeared on the scene and carried away the unfortunate Otto. But another spectre appeared at once, Buttercup, the long dead sister of the deported DePorted.

"Pull up a coffin and sit down," she spouted.

"Nice statue you got there, lady," Yascha moaned as the three boys complied.

"Yes," gurgled Buttercup. "I killed, stuffed, and gilded her myself."

Yascha came to in time to nod his approval.

"You boys must be hungry," Buttercup said. "I'll call for some food." . . . "Diphtheria," she called, "peel the boys a grape."

Just as the butler was entering with the repast, Buttercup pulled a lever and Diphtheria went through the floor.

"Jaundice!" she called. "Don't bother with the alligators. I just fed them."

At that moment the aghast trio was frozen by a scream from the upper reaches of the house. "Ee-ee-ee-ee-ee-ee-ee-ee-ee-ee-ee-ee-k!"

"What was that?" shrilled Yascha with his hands on Buttercup's throat.

"Practically nothing. My daughter probably discovered Laffey's name in 'Encores' again!"

The screams continued so long that the trio began to think that Laffey's name could not have been mentioned that many times. But before they became too suspicious, their hostess called her maid.

"Jaundice, escort my guests to their rooms. They may have the funeral parlor. That'll save carrying them there later."

The trio climbed into their super-deluxe coffins and were soon sound asleep. Then another terrifying scream awakened them.

"I think," said the professor opening a can of sardines and throwing the contents out the window, "that there is something wrong here."

"Yeah," intoned Yascha, "and did you notice the funny names the servants have? I wonder where they got them."

"They're named after the diseases they died from," whispered the professor. "Buttercup told me. . . . But let's find out where those screams came from."

"Perhaps some monster is torturing a beautiful girl," said Louey.

"A monster!" trembled Yascha. "What are you boys looking at me for?"

The trio boldly stepped out into the dark corridor with Yascha leading the way. Suddenly they felt something cold and clammy.

"What's this?" exclaimed Louey and the professor.

"Only a lever," offered Yascha.

"Pull it," Louey urged the professor.

The latter did. They felt a sudden draft of rushing air and Yascha disappeared.

"We shouldn't have done that," moaned Louey. "Yascha is a pretty good friend of ours. Wasn't he?"

The pair proceeded down the passageway. A moment later the sound of heavy footsteps broke the silence and the two froze in their tracks.

"Shhhhhh," said the professor, "it's in that room there."

Putting their massive shoulders to the door, the pair quickly broke into the room. There in the light of a dim light they saw a huge shape which they clubbed into unconsciousness. They then bent down to look at its face. "It" was Yascha.

Upon reviving, he told them a strange tale. "There's a whole arena of monsters in this place,

and some of them have horns," said Yascha holding his lace veil in back of him." Our hosts were planning to let them loose, but I fixed everything."

"How?" asked the professor and Louey.

"I fixed a time bomb in this place big enough to blow up the whole village. It'll go off any min"—BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMM!

.

"Knife, scissors, probe, gauze, cotton, drill, rip-saw, sanding machine, dynamite," said the surgeon operating on Yascha some hours later.

"And you'd better bring me a mallet; we better put this guy to sleep. This next part will hurt."

.

"How's the professor today?" Yascha asked the nurse.

"Oh, he's leaving today, sir," she said, putting his hand in place so that he could eat his dinner.

"Gee, he's a lucky stiff," hollered Louey from the other side of the room.

"He certainly is," broke in an intern, "he got the last plush-lined casket we had."

THE RESPECTABLE CITIZEN

By MARK S. KOVEN, '41

IF there was one trait in particular that Mr. Joshua P. Skimpy especially detested in the human being, that characteristic was inquisitiveness. This may account for the fact that Mr. Skimpy never married. The very thought of a snooping wife, poking her nose into his business affairs, and surreptitiously going through his pockets at night, was repugnant to him.

"No woman will ever tie me to her apron strings," he would say through clenched teeth. Of course, it was inconsequential to Mr. Skimpy that there had already been one woman—his mother—who had been forced to "tie him to her apron strings."

But, in frowning at other people's faults, as was his wont, Mr. Skimpy was forever blind to his own idiosyncracies. "I am different," Mr. Skimpy would say and he wanted the world to know it. The trouble with Mr. Skimpy was that he had never done anything wrong. "A gentleman and a scholar," Professor Manfred Lettre, Instructor of Thikbooke Academy, had said of him. Mr. Skimpy had been the only son of the oil tycoon, Timothy Moore Skimpy, who, in elaborate expressions, had set up a high standard for his "bewildering offspring." Mr. Skimpy had passed his childhood at Bare Oaks Estate, an immense tract of land, on which his father had built a magnificent manor after the fashion of colonial architecture. Skimpy Jr. was not begrudged anything from an intricate toy automobile (which was a rarity in his day) to an African monkey, whose playful practice of running up and down

the keys on the carefully polished grand piano and swinging back and forth on the jeweled chandelier nearly drove Mrs. Skimpy out of her mind. "Timothy," she would protest to the elder Skimpy as she nervously fingered her Kimberly diamond necklace, "you have spoiled that child. He has everything his heart desires."

"Now, now, Pandora, dear, "Mr. Skimpy would reply between puffs on a fat cigar gripped between gold-filled teeth, "nothing is the best for my son."

"Oh, you're simply impossible!" Mrs. Skimpy would say with a haughty toss of her aristocratic head. Now Mrs. Skimpy, with all her background of culture, wanted to bring up her son according to her theory of pediatrics. She was just as obstinate as her husband.

"Why shouldn't I be considered?" she had asked her husband in the heat of one of their frequent arguments about the younger Skimpy. "As his mother, I shall do my utmost to make a respectable citizen out of him, not a stuffed shirt, like you, Timothy Skimpy."

Young Skimpy grew up in such promising surroundings. He knew nothing of manual labor—or of rousing games of football for that matter. But when the crash came—the stock market crash of 1929—, Mr. Joshua P. Skimpy found life had thrust upon him too many responsibilities. The shock killed the father, who, left only the mansion, finally gave up even that to enter a world where the golden career of oil king Skimpy would not be recognized. Mrs. Skimpy lingered on for a few years, being supported by her prom-

ising son, who had secured a position in the Penny Savings Bank, but at last, like her husband, Mrs. Skimpy succumbed, taking her leave from "this dreadful world, where there were too little pleasures and too many disappointments."

The world had also changed radically for poor J. P. Skimpy; he found it necessary, because of "disheartening circumstances," to earn his own living and like it.

"How different things are now," Mr. Skimpy sighed.

"But I shall prove myself the man." Then Mr. Skimpy had proceeded to build a wall of sophistication against the social evils, that his mother had tried to hide from him, and which were now suddenly opened to his eyes.

Renting a room near the bank, he started life again as a *novus homo*. Back and forth, every day, from bank to room, from room to bank, he went. Except when he dined at Le Trou, (a subterranean refuge of his), Mr. Skimpy came into little contact with the everyday world. Living his own little life, according to his principles, Mr. Skimpy could be said to be a respectable citizen.

When the clock at the bank showed 5.30, Mr. Skimpy, as usual, cleared off his desk, took his old derby hat from its place, put on his coat, and left. He joined the busy crowd of busy shoppers, surging through the busy streets. At the corner of St. John and Arlington, as was his custom, he bought the evening paper.

"Good evening, Mr. Skimpy," the newsboy greeted him. Mr. Skimpy grunted in assent, for after 5.30 nobody could get any more effort out of him. Joshua P. Skimpy tucked the paper under his arm, and walked along. Head inclined slightly forward, hands clasped behind him, he attracted little attention in the hurrying crowd. When he had reached Le Trou, he descended the short spiral stairway, that led to the basement, where the little restaurant was located. Crossing the room, he found his table in the corner far from "the prying eyes of *profanum vulgare*," as he expressed it.

Mr. Skimpy liked this place. "It gives me an opportunity to use my French," he would confide to Mr. Windough, another confirmed bachelor like himself, with whom Mr. Skimpy often dined. "Besides," he would say to himself, "it's the most inexpensive place I know of."

Every single night Mr. Skimpy and the pro-

prieter, Henri went through the same scene. The little Frenchman, with a narrow upturned mustache, (which was always well-greased, and which he kept twisting as he spoke), would salute Mr. Skimpy with a click of his heels and a low European bow. Then Mr. Skimpy, screwing up his nose to get the best nasal effect, would reply, "Bonsoir, Monsieur." This was Henri's cue to say, "Quest ce que c'est que vous desirez, monsieur?" No sooner would Henri finish, than Mr. Skimpy would open his mouth and a flood of French would pour out all the Parisian delicacies he could remember from the Travel Guide. When Mr. Skimpy was out of breath, Henri would bow graciously again and sputter apologetically that was sorry he didn't have anything that Mr. Skimpy had named. Invariably Mr. Skimpy would end up with the same order of steak and potatoes.

Tonight, his friend Mr. A. Baye Windough, the obese broker, quite an affable gentleman, joined Mr. Skimpy at his table. "Well, well, J. P.," said Mr. Windough, placing his hat on a hook, "big things are going on in the world today."

Mr. Skimpy snickered.

"Did you read the paper, J. P.?"

Mr. Windough answered his own question, "I noticed that the authorities offer \$10,000 for the capture of the Scarey Brothers, who escaped from the state penitentiary last night."

Mr. Skimpy gulped.

"What's that you say? Ten thousand dollars?"

Now Mr. Skimpy was no fool; \$10,000 was \$10,000.

"That's right, J. P., look for yourself."

Mr. Skimpy immediately reached behind him and took out his newspaper, which he had stuffed into his pocket. The glaring headlines stared at him:

SCAREY BROS. ESCAPE

\$10,000 reward for information leading to their whereabouts.

After Mr. Skimpy had read the given account twice, he asked Mr. Windough, "What do you know about them? Tell me you know."

It was dark when Mr. Skimpy left the restaurant. Hurrying along the deserted streets, he was obsessed with the one thought; with that money, the reward, I could retire for life. Of course, all this was definitely contrary to his ascetic principles, but he now actually believed

that ten thousand dollars was worth more than his principles.

"What chance have you to apprehend the convicts, J. P.?" Mr. Windough had asked him.

"I have as much a chance to get the reward as anybody else. I've never had such a splendid opportunity before and I've finally awakened to the fact that I've been a blind old jackass."

Mr. Skimpny, standing before the door of his room, fumbled in his pocket for his key. Suddenly he heard a loud voice burst from the room next to his. At first he was startled, but immediately he remembered that Mrs. Forenti, his landlady, had been seeking new tenants for some time now. He found his key, inserted it in the lock, and was about to open his door when the same voice, joined by others, increased in volume. Mr. Skimpny paused and listened. This was of course, wholly contrary to his principles; however, he had already resolved to alter his way of life in response to the emergency of securing the reward.

One voice dominated. "Now listen, boys. I tell yuh, dis is a poifect hideout!"

Mr. Skimpny tensed. Who would want to hide away . . . ?

In a flash Mr. Skimpny had his ear to the door, from which the voices had come. It is surprising how one not accustomed to such bold action, can, in a moment, move with such agility.

Another voice was arguing. "Sure, sure Slug, yuh tink the cops ain't wise?" Another gruff voice added, "Yeah, Trigger Joe's right, the cops will be tearing up every joint dis side of Brooklyn." Mr. Skimpny felt cold sweat forming on his forehead. He had found them; he had found the Scarey brothers! Then he was positive he had heard one of the men mention the name Scarey! Quickly he drew out his paper, which was now ragged from Mr. Skimpny's constant handling, and turned the pages noiselessly in search of the picture of the escaped convicts. Mr. Skimpny bent down and put his eye to the keyhole. Naturally, he was aware it is *infra dignitatem* to look through keyholes; but Mr. Skimpny mumbled, "For \$10,000 I'd look through every keyhole in New York City." The thought of possessing so much money now had a drastic effect on Mr. Skimpny's life.

Mr. Skimpny saw that the blinds were drawn; the only source of illumination was a green shaded light suspended by a long cord from the ceiling.

It cast oblique rays of light on a table, around which, four roughly dressed men sat playing cards. The air was hazy with cigarette smoke. Nervously, Mr. Skimpny compared the face of one man with the picture in the newspaper.

"The very same, the very same!" he uttered. "I have found them."

Mr. Skimpny rose from his crouched position so quickly he almost banged his head on the door knob.

"Oh, dear, what shall I do now?" he mumbled, pacing up and down the hall in an effort to clear his faculties. Suddenly he stopped. Then Joshua P. Skimpny scrambled down the stairs in search of a policeman.

Mr. Skimpny was unable to find an officer. However, he was not a bit discouraged. After running up and down the dark streets and suspiciously looking the alleys to see if anyone were following him, Mr. Skimpny reached a traffic intersection. There he hailed a taxi.

"To the nearest police station," he cried to the driver as he leaped into the cab which started up so fast that Mr. Skimpny was thrown against the rear of the automobile. They whirled through traffic, Mr. Skimpny being tossed back and forth on the back seat like a bobbing cork on the crest of a surging wave. But what did he care if he was a martyr—for \$10,000? The cab drove up to the curb with a screech of brakes, Mr. Skimpny, thankful to be on *terra firma* again, paid the driver and scrambled up the steps to the police station.

A night sergeant was dozing, his feet were on the huge desk.

"Wake up! Wake up! I know where the Scarey brothers are," shouted Mr. Skimpny, hammering on the desk.

The sergeant opened one eye, "Go 'way," he said.

Mr. Skimpny was insistent. "I tell you I heard them speak of their avoidance of the police. I even saw the face of one of them."

The sergeant yawned, "Listen, buddy, you're the fifty-foist guy that's come in here sayin' he found the Scarey brothers. Why don't cha go home and . . ."

"My good man," interrupted Mr. Skimpny, drawing himself to his full height of five feet two inches and becoming so red with exasperation that the top of his head looked like a wrinkled old tomato, "how dare you doubt my veracity!"

I want you to know that as a respectable citizen of this city I demand that justice be administered for the welfare of my community. Furthermore as a loyal taxpayer of this great and wonderful country of ours I am in earnest when I say that . . ."

"All right, all right, you win. I'll give you a chance. You may be right."

Immediately the sergeant ordered a special squad car, loaded with policemen, each armed with heavy machine guns, tear gas bombs, tracer bullets, pick axes, and other such adequate weapons for dealing with "Public Enemies." The squad car lost no time in making a zooming start through the city streets. Careening on two wheels, its siren wailing through the night air, and the squad car sped through traffic.

In the front seat, all that could be seen of Mr. Skimpy was his derby hat, its owner being sandwiched in between two burly officers, who, as the car lurched suddenly to one side, came together in a bone-crushing blow, leaving Mr. Skimpy in an agonizing state of pulverization. Mr. Skimpy opened his mouth to give directions only to have some officer shove his elbow accidentally into his mouth loosening his false teeth so that all that came out was a long hollow whistle. Mr. Skimpy endured all this; he knew it was for the benefit of mankind that the Scarey brothers be apprehended. The car pulled up to the curb; the officers piled out. The captain in charge gave commands. After sending several officers around to the fire-escape and posting two men on the opposite side of the street, the captain and the rest (Mr. Skimpy following cautiously behind a huge Irishman) mounted the steps of the boarding house. As quietly as a score and a half of police officers can be, the group forced itself up the stair way to the apartment where Mr. Skimpy excitedly had directed them.

The captain lined the men up in front of the door—two thick ranks—he, being careful to leave no unsightly gaps so that a possible stray bullet, fired from within in sheer self defense, could not sneak by. Then silencing these eager men of justice, the captain pounded on the door, at the same time ordering in a loud voice, "Open in the name of the law."

Not a sound was heard from within. Mr. Skimpy, peeking out from behind the staircase, looked worried. Again the captain thundered on the

door. Again silence.

"O.K. boys," called the captain, "break it in." Several husky officers heaved against the door. The hinges snapped and the door broke open. The room was empty! Stealthily the officers one by one, filed into the room which contained only a table, some chairs and a few trunks with labels pasted all over them.

"Wait," cried Mr. Skimpy, making his way through the line of officers, and approaching the captain, "they're not gone. There are three rooms in this suite." He motioned to a closed door on the farthest end of the room. A red-faced officer put his ear to the door, then exclaimed, "I hear heavy breathing in there, sounds like they're sleeping!"

"This might be a trick," deduced the captain, a man who was always suspicious of everybody. "Take your posts, men. Come out of there, Scarey," shouted the captain at the closed door, "or we'll come in and get you."

All of a sudden the door opened slowly and a young, clean-shaven man in a blue striped pajamas cautiously peeked out. He rubbed his eyes for a second at the puzzling scene: a room, crowded with grim-faced policemen, each of whom had his weapon aimed straight at him.

"Holy Cow," he mumbled. "Blue cops and pink elephants! Who slipped me a Micky Finn?"

"Don't try any funny biznis, Scarey," warned the captain.

"Scarey?" said the man, puzzled. "My name's not Scarey; it's Carey."

"Oh yeah?" growled the captain. "Well, my name's Roosevelt and we're gonna give you a New Deal, up the river for . . ."

"Just a minute, officer." It was the voice of another man, who also, clad only in bedclothes, joined his friend. "You've made a mistake. We're not fugitives from justice. My name's Johnson. Two other of my friends, Spalding and Evans are sleeping in the next room. We've been rehearsing all day. You know our play, 'Crime Does Not Pay,' a gangster sketch in four acts is opening next week at the Majestic Theater."

"He's right, captain," said the policeman who had opened one of the trunks. "Look, it's full of costumes, make-up, and written script."

"Yeah," said another officer. "Me and the wife got tickets to the opening performance."

Mr. Skimpy sat down and wiped his forehead. The captain approached him.

"You nitwit; I've got a good mind to lock you up for all our trouble."

Mr. Skimpy was embarrassed. Never in his life had he been in such a predicament.

"I'm really sorry," he stammered.

The large group of disappointed policemen started to grumble. The captain looked Mr. Skimpy squarely in the eyes. He voiced the sentiment of all who were gathered there.

"Well, Peanuts, you're pretty nosey, aintcha? There's smarter guys than you in the psycho . . . Say! That's an idea!"

The captain hurried from the room.

Ten days later a frustrated little man with a derby hat was discharged from the psychopathic ward. It was then—right there on the hospital steps—that Mr. Joshua P. Skimpy highly resolved never to go against his principles again.

I WANT A MAID

By WILLIAM L. GRAFFAM, '41 and BRUCE LAFFEY, '43

DESDEMONA DRIPPE was not beautiful as was evidenced by her buck teeth, purple hair, wooden leg, and dislocated hip—and men realized it. But Desdemona had baited her bear trap well and had captured little Oliver Drippe and made him her blushing bridegroom. Their honeymoon had been spent on Devil's Island and they were now back in their new palatial home over Hayes' Hash House. Upon Oliver's insistence, Desdemona's mother, a sweet loveable old hag, had come to live with them.

Thus we find little three hundred and fifty pound Desdemona, dressed to kill and cooking the same way, preparing the evening meal.

"Do you think this blueberry pie has too much bluing in it," she shrieked at her mother.

"No, my dear," cackled her aged mother sitting by the fireplace picking her teeth with the poker. "But I do think you should have used some blueberries."

"Perhaps you're right, Mommy, 'cause I did want this pie to be especially nice for Oliver," she said adding some arsenic to the crust. "Run to the window and see if you can get another pigeon egg for the crepe suzette. And oh yes, bring me some kerosene, I want it to burn nicely."

"Get it yourself," babbled her mother wrapping the floor lamp around Desdemona's neck, "I'm busy fishing a quart of milk out of the Doherty's window box."

"I'm sorry, mommy," Desdemona yelled rearranging the bouquet of poison ivy, "I'm head over shoulders in work myself and I don't see how I'll ever get it done."

"Why don't you ask that no good husband of yours to get you a maid," snapped her mother. "He can't expect you to do your housework and deliver coal at the same time."

"You're right, mother," she responded, "I certainly do need a girl to help me. Sharpen your stiletto and tonight we'll ask Oliver to get me a maid."

Suddenly Desdemona let loose with a blood-curdling whistle, "Mama," she bellowed, "I can't find the can opener. We won't be able to eat tonight."

"That's the trouble," her mother retorted, "you can't cook anything. You ought to have a maid. We'll fix a nice cup of hot lead for Oliver when he comes home and then pop the question."

"Why whatya mean, ma? I can cook swell," Desdemona gurgled. "Those pop-overs I made came out swell didn't they—even if I did put a pinch too much of TNT in them to make them pop over."

But her mother was too busy eavesdropping on the people next door so Desdemona lighted one of the gas jets and set over the flame a pan with a can of spaghetti in it.

"Mother," she hollered, "as long as I can't find the can opener I'm setting the can over the flame. Then when it melts we'll have the spaghetti."

"And you'll have a painful of hot tin, too," her mother answered.

"That's all right," Desdemona asserted, turning another gas jet on, "we all need iron in our food."

"Well, if you had a maid," her mother grum-

bled, "you wouldn't have to do all this for yourself. It's too bad that that stingy old husband of yours won't get a girl to help you."

"Oh I'm not doing so bad," Desdemona hummed walking over to the kitchen table. "These meat balls I'm going to make now will be swell."

"Oliver always did like meat balls and spaghetti," her mother said sticking her cane out and tripping Desdemona.

"Yeah, he sure does," Desdemona answered picking herself up and kicking her mother in the teeth. "Oliver likes to make a yoyo out of them."

"You had better hurry up, dearie," the old lady urged. "Oliver will be getting home soon and we want everything to be nice for him when we ask for the maid."

"Oh I don't know, mother," Desdemona interjected carrying the frying pan over to the gas stove, "I don't think I'll need a maid."

"Well, that's what you think, but you can't work like this. And, by the way, you'd better light that second jet. You turned it on ten minutes ago and I'm getting dizzy from the fumes. Now if you had a maid she'd remember to do those little things."

"You're right, mother, I did forget to light it. I better do it now. But I think you're wrong about my needing help," insisted Desdemona, leaning over to light the gas. "I don't think I need a maid, I——!"

BOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMM!!!!!!!

The explosion blew mother through the wall and carried Desdemona up through the ceiling, dislocating her other hip.

* * * * *

"There's a roomer in the air," said the landlady, looking out the window at the flying occupants of apartment 13. "I don't think that Mr. Drippe will get much to eat for a while."

"Why?" asked her daughter, Careen. "Has Mrs. Drippe gone away? Will he have to wait until she gets back?"

"No, he'll not be waiting for her come back," the landlady responded, "He'll be waiting for the stove."

* * * * *

That night, when Oliver returned from work, he found his wife and mother-in-law well-bandaged and eagerly awaiting him.

"Oliver," Desdemona whistled through her missing teeth, "you've gotta get me a maid no matter what it costs."

But Oliver was firm as a rock.

"You'll have a maid over my dead body," he bellowed.

BANG!!! a pistol shot rang out.

"Mother," Desdemona's voice rose, "call up the employment agency."

THE DUKE

By FRANK A. MACK, '41

THE clatter of baseball spikes on the cement floor leading from the dressing room to the dugout, the strong odor of liniment, and the shouts of joy and derision were all familiar sensations to me. For six years now, I had dressed and undressed before and after spring practice in this very dressing room. The battered lockers, the overhead water pipes, and antique showers were old sights. Yes, sir, I was just about fed up with the whole place. Why should I, Red Ryan, the outstanding second sacker in the Federal League, spend the last years of my life, playing for a minor league team? For the past three

years, I had been well up in the individual batting and fielding standing of the Federal League. But every spring found me reporting to the Atlantic City Gulls. Many rumors had it that I was set for the major league Redbirds from St. Louis, but they felt that I was too inexperienced.

Approaching footsteps interrupted my thoughts. Coming slowly toward me were a tall angular fellow and a short stubby man. The short man was Stub Magee, the Gull's manager; the tall fellow was Ted Shanks, known throughout the league as the Duke. Known throughout the league is right! His fame had spread far and

wide. Joining our club in midseason, he had sparked the Gulls to a Federal League championship. His baffling, but easy pitches had won him ten victories. To me, he never was or never would be a good pitcher. Of course, he had only been with the Gulls for half a season, but in that time from my spot at second base, I had noticed his irregular wind-up, his lack of speed, and his late-inning tendency to weaken and wilt. Another odd thing about the Duke was the uncertainty of his age. His features were older and more worn than those of most players. All these things did not alter the fact that a Redbird scout was in the stands this very day, undoubtedly to observe the Duke in action. My personal bitter thoughts towards the Duke were interrupted by Manager Magee, who loudly told me to make double time. Hastily tying my shoe, I raced out of the clubhouse door up the stairs and out into the bright sunlight.

A rather brisk April breeze ruffled the flag above the grandstand where a fair sized crowd awaited the opening pitch of our exhibition game with the Giants. After receiving last minute instructions from Stub Magee, the men trotted out to their positions. Glancing around me, I took in the scene; the white-shirted crowd, the green grass, and the blue ocean marred by low hanging clouds scudding across the horizon. Taking the field I shifted a little to the left of my natural position for the Giants lead-off man, JoJo Moore. The Duke slowly wound up and let go his cross fire curve. Moore lashed at it, but fanned the air. Two straight strikes followed, retiring Moore. The next two men, Jones and O'Dea, were easy pop fly victims. In our half of the inning we chalked up three runs on Mile's triple to right with the bases loaded.

The game continued thus with the Duke leisurely taking his time handcuffing the Giants, while our boys were ringing up nine runs. Then in the eighth, it happened. The Duke went bad. His pitches were hit to all corners of the field. Moore doubled, Jones walked, O'Dea walked, and Ott bounced a triple off the barrier in right. Standing alone, his face aged and his arm hanging limp by his side, the Duke was a pathetic sight as he fought to regain his stuff. But the Duke was through. His next three pitches were lined out safely by Danning, Whitehead, and Babe Young. Then he got the heave-ho signal from the bench, and he slowly trudged off amid a chorus of cat

calls. The new pitcher, Joe Dickens, promptly squelched the rally.

The game ended in our favor, 9 to 5. Trudging off the field, I began to feel sorry for the Duke, but my mind changed when I thought of how he had taken the spotlight away from me and caused me to remain in the minors. "Hey there, Ryan!" A voice cried out from the milling throng gathered about the dugout steps. "Come here, I want you to meet somebody." It was manager Magee hailing me; his guest, a middle-aged stocky man, had a familiar look.

The guest suddenly spoke. "I watched you to-day Ryan and I think you're ready for the big show."

"You mean that I'm . . ."

"Yes, the Redbirds want you to sign a contract."

"The Redbirds want me to sign? But I thought. . . ."

"Yes, you thought we were here to sign Duke Shanks. Well, you're wrong. Shanks never was a ballplayer, and besides he's a washed up veteran on his last legs. He's the one who recommended you to our club."

"The Duke recommended me?" I stammered.

"Yes, Ryan, he knew that his career was finished, but he desired to start some young player on a major league career."

"Gee," I muttered. "Thanks a lot." My mind and heart were humbled by the greatness and character of a tall angular veteran by the name of Shanks, better known to all, as the Duke.

THE FADED FEDORA

Oh faded fedora
So battered and black
You ugly, distorted
Mud-spattered old sack.

How now does my poor head
Display thee on high
When what it most craves is
A ritzy pork-pie!

—J. S. N., '41

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

By EDWARD KAPLAN, '41

RECENTLY this problem was posted on the Math Club Bulletin Board outside Room 102:

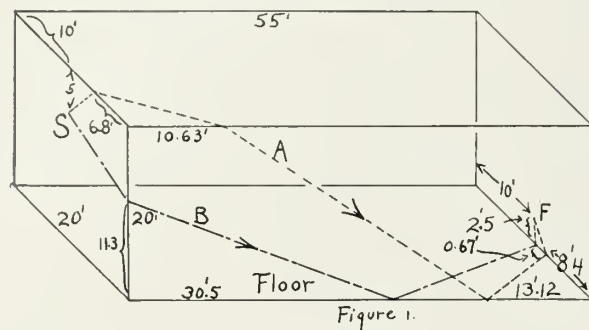


Figure 1.

"This is a room 20 ft. wide, 20 ft. high, and 55 ft. long. A spider on the wall at S spies a fly at F. The dotted line marked A, on figure 1, indicates the path taken by the spider to make the capture.

Can you find a shorter path?

If you can, submit your result to Li in Room 102, and you will get a prize."

In figure 1, note that the fly is 2.5 ft. from the floor on the middle line. The spider is 5 ft. from the ceiling on the middle line.

I accepted the challenge. In studying the problem I tried picturing the room as a box with a string tied around it; this served well to illustrate how such a seemingly crooked line might be the shortest distance from S to F. Meanwhile I kept thinking of the plane geometry statement that a straight line is the shortest distance be-

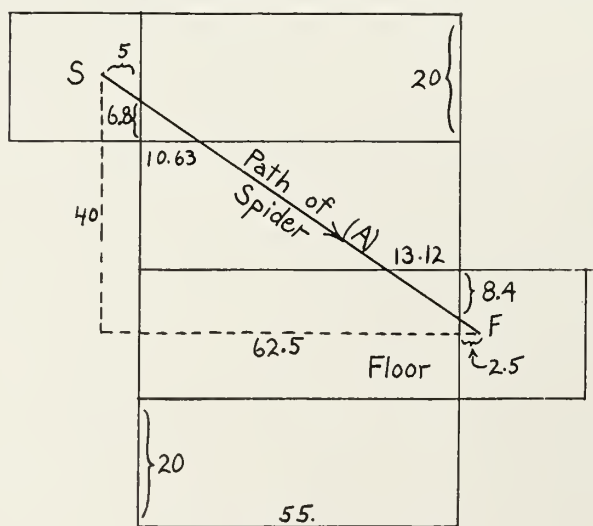


Figure 2

tween two points, and wondered how I could apply it.

Suddenly the solution of the problem came to me. Here it is.

Suppose we consider the room as a cardboard carton which can be opened up. We do this, and lay the inside of the box facing downward on the table. The path A of the spider then turns out to be a straight line as shown in figure 2. Bear in mind that this black line is the crooked line in figure 1. By using some plane geometry we find that this path is approximately 74.2 ft.

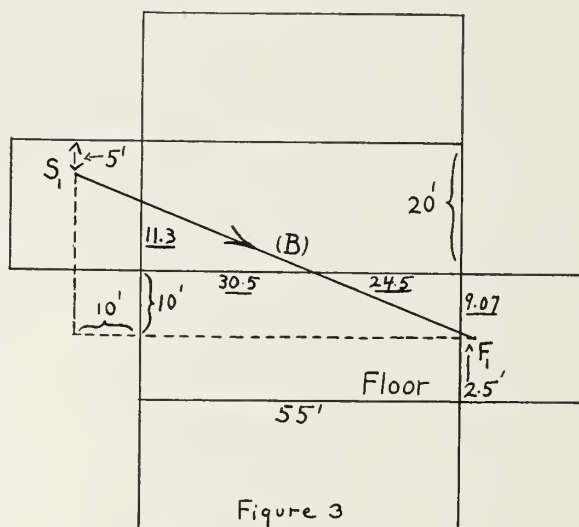


Figure 3

It occurred to me that the carton could be opened differently by hinging the end wall to the rectangle adjacent to the floor as shown in figure 3. This would bring S nearer to F and hence make a shorter path. Using the Pythagorean Theorem it can be shown that this path is 72 ft.

Now by means of similar triangles the distances underlined in figure 3 can be found. When these distances are transferred to figure 1, the solution, path B, can be traced. Thus it did turn out, after all, that the solution did involve the fundamental truth that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. However, the solution illustrated a paradox as well; remembering that both paths A and B are straight lines, as seen in figures 2 and 3, the solution seems to prove that two different straight lines can be drawn between two points. Now I shall leave this new problem to you.

Honor Roll

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CAPASSO, ROBERT C.
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CONNERNEY, FRANCIS J.
CONNOLLY, THOMAS J.
DAVIDSON, CHARLES
DE STEFANO, PASQUALE F.
DEVANEY, JOSEPH J.
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FINK, JULIUS
GEORGIOPOULOS, C. W.
GETZ, IRVING S.
GIUFFRE, JOHN
GIUSTI, ALFRED
GLOSS, HARRY M.
GRANT, CALVIN S.
GUIMOND, RALPH D.
HADGE, EUGENE
HANLEY, HENRY P.
HANLEY, JOSEPH P.
HEFFERNAN, JAMES
HENRY, DAVID C.
INNES, FRANK T.
KAPLAN, EDWARD
KIRKHAM, THOMAS A.
LEE, JAMES
LEONARD, EDWARD F.
LIPPA, HERMAN F.
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McCORMACK, GEORGE E.
McDONNELL, DAVID T.
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MAIER, ARTHUR R., Jr.
MANIX, FRANK J.
MARTINS, JOSEPH
MESSINA, RICHARD
MOLARELLI, JOSEPH
MONTAGUE, GEORGE W.
MURPHY, JAMES T.
MURRAY, JOHN L.
ODDI, MICHAEL J.
O'LOUGHLIN, FRED J.
PROODIAN, AXAD M.
QUEENAN, THOMAS J.
RAFTELL, WILLIAM C.
RICCIO, FLORINDO P.
SHREIAR, ALBERT M.
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SMITH, MAURICE C.
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WYKE, ALBERT A.

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DOWD, STEPHEN J.
ELIAS, JOSEPH
ENTIS, JACK N.
FETTIG, HENRY H.
FINK, JACOB
FRUHLAN, GEORGE
GOODMAN, ALBERT A.
HANWELL, ALBERT F.
HURTIG, CARL R.
KING, FRANCIS E.
KOERNER, MAURICE I.
KRAJEWSKI, EDWARD
LAMPERT, MARVIN
LANDOLFI, PELLEGRINI J.
LEVINE, NATHAN
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LOUZAN, ANDREW J.
McDONALD, JAMES M.
McNAMARA, OWEN J.
MYERS, BENJAMIN
O'BRIEN, RICHARD G.
PERCII, PHILIP S.
PETERSON, ROBERT K.
PONN, UZIEL
PRESS, MEYER
REGAN, FRANCIS L. X.
RUBIN, LAWRENCE
SILVERSTEIN, DANIEL J.
SOLIMINE, FRANK A.
STASIO, ANTHONY S.
STRATIS, S. JOHN
VENTOLA, ARMANDO
WARD, JOHN H., Jr.
WEARE, PAUL F.
WEBER, CARL A. A.
WOODRIDGE, ROY

SOPHOMORES

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ALOISE, PETER
ALTHIER, ROBERT W. L.
AMIRALTY, FRANCIS R.
BARNETT, ELI
BESSETTE, ANDREW
BOOKSPAN, MARTIN
BREEN, JOHN J.
BRENNAN, F. LEO
BRICKMAN, GERALD S.
BROWN, ALBERT G.
BROWN, EDMUND J.
CASAL, FRANK
CHIN, EDWARD
COHEN, BERNARD
CONDON, GEORGE J.
COOPER, MORGAN H.
COTECCHIA, UGO
DALY, PAUL
DIGREGORIO, CORRADO
DONAHUE, D. L.
DOYLE, FRANCIS A.
EDWARDS, JOHN G.
FERRANTE, JOSEPH F.
FERRERA, ALFRED W.
FINK, MAX
FREEDMAN, MELVIN B.
GALLAGHER, HAROLD
GIANGRANDE, ALFRED
GOWEN, WILLIAM I.
GREGORIO, PASQUALE R.
GUSTOWSKI, JOSEPH

IDELSON, MYRON R.
IPPOLITO, JOSEPH P.
JACOBSON, MURRAY A.
KAPLAN, STANLEY
KARTHAS, NICHOLAS
KASHISH, BARSAM
KELLEY, FRANCIS X.
KENNEY, FRANCIS J.
KOLSTI, ARTHUR H.
KUPPENES, ROBERT A.
LAFFEY, BRUCE
LANCASTER, JOHN
LEE, EDGAR
LENTINI, PETER A.
LOMBARDO, FRANK
LOTTERO, ALFRED R.
LOVEZZOLA, ROBERT F.
McCARTHY, FREDERICK T.
McMILLAN, WILLIAM C.
McPHERSON, ROBERT T.
MANEVITCH, ALBERT
MANNING, HAROLD W.
MARKOWSKY, ELLIOT
MORRISON, ROBERT J.
MUCCI, PATRICK A.
NATOLA, CARLO L.
ODOM, WILLIAM C.
PASQUALETTO, JOHN A.
POLCARI, RALPH J.
RABINOVITZ, NATHAN H.
RICHARDSON, CHARLES E., II
RIFCHIN, LAWRENCE P.
ROSENFELD, SAMUEL
ROSIN, JOSEPH
SACK, MELVIN
SANGIOLO, LOUIS A., Jr.
SANNELLA, PASQUALE J.
SCANLAN, THOMAS R.
SEDLIN, HERBERT K.
SINABIAN, GEORGE
SMILES, PETER F.
SMITH, GEORGE C.
STEADY, EDWARD W.
STEVENS, EDWARD
VARNERIN, ROBERT E.
WEINSTEIN, LESTER
WITTENAUER, ROBERT H.
WOLK, ALLAN
YUREWICZ, JOHN R.

FRESHMEN

ARBEENE, LOUIS C.
COFFEY, MATTHEW J.
COURIS, JOHN G.
DEANGELIS, HENRY M.
DIMARI, SEYMOUR A.
DONATO, ANTHONY
FITZGERALD, JOSEPH
FLAGG, TRACY
HASSETT, PAUL
HOGAN, THOMAS W.
HUTCHINSON, CHARLES B.
KECHES, GEORGE
KELLY, PAUL F.
LYONS, FREDERICK L.
NORTON, JOSEPH V.
OLDHAM, DAVID A.
O'TOOLE, JAMES E.
SADOWSKI, STANLEY F.
SHEEHAN, JAMES A.
SILIPIGNO, ANTHONY J.
VAN NEWENHOVEN, A.
VOZZELLA, JOSEPH F.
WALSH, BERNARD F.

Seniors	56
Juniors	67
Sophomores	81
Freshmen	23
Total	227

ATHLETIC NOTES

By GEORGE E. ENGELSON, '41

THE REGGIES

ENGLISH—101½

MECHANICS—95

As a grand finale to the track activities of the high schools in and around Boston, the 1941 Regimental Games were a huge success, especially from the standpoint of rabid E. H. S. rooters. For five days replete with thrills, chills, spills, and stuff, the fleet representatives of over a dozen different alma mummies tripped daily over to the 101st Infantry Armory to run trials for qualification in the finals on Saturday. However, the field events were disposed of in the first day's debating as ye olde Montgomery Mansion emerged with 35½ points to 32 for the Artisans, 20 for Roxbury, and so on down the long line of competitors.

Largely responsible for the vital lead was the work of Tom Brennan, second in the A shotput; Cap'n O'Keefe, tied for first in the A high-jump; Cyril Applebaum, first in the C shotput; Vin Stasio, first in the C high-jump; Ronald Doherty, first in the D broad-jump; and Court Ellis, co-record breaker in the D high-jump.

Came Saturday and with it the cherished chance to dethrone the Reggie champ of the past three years. This season's classic had long been touted as the best yet in the thirty-three year history of the event because of the superb rivalry which had sprung up between the two great track powers—English and Mechanics.

Entering with two fewer qualifiers than their mighty adversary, the Blue brigade made a fervent vow to go out there and run as no track team had ever run before. Our boys went out on that floor and proceeded to prove their superior board talent in one of the scorching-est afternoons ever dreamed by a dime novel hack. The many spectators who had jammed into the big drill shed were kept constantly on the edges of their seats as the frantic scramble for precious points continued unabated throughout the all too short afternoon.

As the final hour approached, the Artisans led the indigo-clad stalwarts by all of 8½ points despite the fouling of their star Watkins and the subsequent loss of five points. With the chips down and the meet practically conceded to the Back Bay bombers, our own sprinters scaled the very pinnacle of schoolboy immortality by crashing through in the dashes—Norm Whittredge, Geo. Tringale, and Geo. Meuse in Class A; Wm.

Lancaster in B; Harry Carrol and Joe Ferrante in D. English now led by 2½ points. This heroic work was almost nullified when a baton was dropped in the D relay, but Class C took a second and Classes A and B scooted home amidst a blaze of glory, a wholesale popping of timid hearts, and the utter exhaustion of everyone in the place.

E. H. S.—149

M. A. H. S.—127

R. M. H. S.—58

TRADE—29

In absolutely the most exciting and thrill-packed track meet that we ever saw, or ever hope to see, the crepe-soled speedsters of English and Mechanics engaged in a knock-down-and-drag-out affair to preview the Regimental Games the following week. Though both Memorial and Trade participated in this bloodless blitz, they were submerged in the avalanche of points registered by the two "heavyweights."

As the meet commenced, Mechanics jumped into an early lead, taking two to five points in almost every event. Added to this was the fact that our super-men, O'Keefe, Henderson, Santry, Applebaum, and Sweeney, each had to be content with second place after leading the pack right up to the tape. However, coming into the back stretch, that is, the relays, our boys had crept up to within two points of the pace-setters, and it was evident that this would be the showdown. The Class D relay of Doherty, Franklin, Ellis, and Wagget soon came through with what the doctor ordered by taking that class. Not to be outdone, Mechanics immediately countered by winning the C relays and snatching our brief lead away.

Everybody stood up as the meet reached the closing stages of a super-dramatic finish. It was the Class B relay of Santry, Sullivan, Joe Franklin, and Bossi, in that order, that by their "impossible" feat left everybody so limp that they just couldn't appreciate the duplicate "miracle" which the A relay pulled off. Santry had handed the baton to J. J. Sullivan who proceeded to leg it for all he was worth until he missed his stride at the third bank, fell, got up in the No. 3 slot and gamely went on to hand it to Joe Franklin. This boy, under a handicap of almost a lap, didn't hesitate one second, but ran faster than he ever did before to cut down the lead to about ten yards. Now, anchor-man Bossi (Gene, to

you!) took charge, and literally yanked everyone out of his seat by closing the gap yard by yard until he was within five strides at the last turn. He kept fighting, digging into the lead with only split seconds left to go; now he was four yards away, now three, until with but thirty inches remaining between him and the white ribbon, he breasted his man and dived into the tape first! The winner by one centimeter!

Class A remaining, we needed but second place to win. However it looked as though a tie would result, since the Blue and Blue was firmly entrenched in third place with "Cuffy" O'Keefe remaining to run the final lap. As incredible as it sounds, it happened; for the captain proceeded to do an exact ditto of Bossi's rapid transit to clinch the meet.

TRACK NOTES

E. H. S.—206 LATIN—89½
TRADE—42 DORCHESTER—23½

Just to show the skeptics that last week's track victory was not a fluke, but a warmer-upper, the fleet and nimble wearers of the double indigo proceeded to wallop the living daylights out of Dorchester, Trade, and Latin (booh!) during the quadrangular meeting of February 11th and 12th. Indicative of E. H. S. power is the fact English placed at least two men in every running event except in the Class A hurdles wherein Captain O'Keefe scored all by his lonesome, well ahead of the timber-toppers who also ran. Again, we took 76 points out of the total 120½ awarded in the field events, and placed 23 men to 6 for Dorchester 13 for Latin, and 7 for Trade.

In the "box-scores," certain names stand out among a world of fine performances. Santry and Franklin staged a neck-and-neck thriller in the B-300; Applebaum handily won the 440, ran in the relay, and hurled the shot for a first place the following day despite the competition of last year's Reggy winner. Sweeney, O'Keefe, Doherty, and Ellis also gained ten points each for their team through individual performances in the field and running events; Cusick, Flanagan, and McDonnell merit mention for providing a swell battle in the B-600; and last, but not—you know what—comes my favorite, the 1,000 and the name John Manning who ran a heady race to cop second, close behind a very capable speed merchant from Trade.

E. H. S.—204 MEMORIAL—109
 COMMERCE—41

THE delayed, but long-awaited, inaugural of the E. H. S. 1941 track schedule finally

took place when our tracksters met Commerce and Memorial on February 4 and 5. Piling up a total of 129 points in the Armory, the sons of the Blue and Blue took 11 firsts, 8 seconds, 10 thirds, and 12 fourths; to 3 firsts, 8 seconds, 5 thirds and 4 fourths for Roxbury; and 3 firsts, 1 second, 2 thirds, and 2 fourths for Commerce.

To enumerate all the splendid performances of the day, would be stealing space from the learned literary staff, however, I'll chance their ire and mention: Bruce Henderson for moving out of fourth position in the 1,000 to nip John Manning at the tape; James Cusick for leading the pack in the gruelling B-600; Cyril Applebaum for his backstretch sprint in the 440 to take first place from Mel Hurwitz, while Stasio and Boutillier gave English a clean sweep of the event; Doherty for pacing the 176; and Wagget for coasting in on the unbroken tape easily in the 220.

SPRINTS AND SQUINTS

Everyone commented on the sterling lap which Gene Bossi ran in the relay. . . . One chap who had come over from Memorial to shotput in our drill hall remarked to me after viewing our cadets at work during the last period. "Are you guys havin' prize drill already?" . . . When Walter Driscoll came in third in the class shotput, you could have knocked him over with a brick waill. He claims it was "in the bag." Tom Brennan, the sports editor's meal ticket, has taken up track, placing second in the recent state meet and first in this, his first, city meet. . .

Stukas, Driscoll, Cook, Dolbeare.



HOCKEY

THE 1940-41 edition of the English hockey contingent opened its campaign in grand fashion by trouncing a woefully weak Roxbury Memorial squad. It was a swell start which gave rise to predictions that another city championship was "in the bag" for old E. H. S. We did have a fine, experienced aggregation but the score of 6-0 against R. M. H. S. could not be taken as a true index to our power.

What appeared to be our toughest game followed when Captain Malkasian, "and all the lads" squared off against Mechanic Arts in a great battle. We had to share the honors with the Artisans, for the final score read 2 goals for English and ditto for Mechanics. The following week, E. H. S. hopes received an awful jolt as a surprising sextet from Dorchester did the unheard of—defeating the double Blue, 1-0. This game was truly a heart-breaker for it was won when a loose puck skittered by O'Malley with but five seconds remaining to be played.

The next two contests with St. Lawrence Academy and Commeree were cancelled, and with the season waning, the gang pointed for a win over Latin. Trade School was met and tied in an uneventful 0-0 encounter. Came Latin School and we came, saw, and were conquered 4-0. I shudder to think of it, but still there was no stigma nor disgrace to the defeat, and we can always look to the next sport—baseball—to avenge ourselves over the traditional Purple foe.

Though we can't shout about a successful season this time, we can at least cheer about the work of our stars. Bobby Green provided us with a thrill by scoring three goals in the initial session. Moe Chisholm, super defenseman, wowed 'em by shooting two blue-line specials in the same game that the goalie never saw. Charlie O'Malley played a fine net game, and Sarkis Malkasian showed them how by his fine play-making and brilliant work throughout the season. There are many "forgotten men" on this squad whose faithful work must be mentioned, and many of whom will probably make up next year's champs.

Back Row: O'Melia, O'Malley, Ward.

Middle Row: Coach Ohrenberger, Rorke, Brien, Mannix, O'Toole, Ring, Mgr. McDonald.

Front Row: Green, Fernberg, Sullivan, Capt. Malkasian, Chisholm, Darcy, Driscoll.





Rear Row: Santry, Hurwitz, B. Henderson, G. Bossi, J. M. Sullivan, T. Brennan, Manganaro, R. Murphy.
Third Row: Brewster, Ellis, P. Bossi, Arena, Cusick, Waggett, Carven, Doherty, Flynn, Carroll.
Second Row: Coach Ohrenberger, Kasabian, Meuse, Tringale, Applebaum, Fraktman, J. Franklin Ferranti, W. Franklin Carter, Manager.
First Row: N. Walsh, Lancaster, Stasio, MacDonald, O'Keefe, *Captain*, Yancovitz, L. Flannagan, P. Sweeney, N. Whittredge.

REGIMENTAL CHAMPIONS - 1941

v

ONE of the never-to-be-forgotten events of our last year (very optimistic) at English High, was the incomparable achievement of the track squad. From the expected steam-roller win over Memorial, Trade, Dorchester, Latin, and Commerce to the startling triumph over Mechanics and the thrilling win in the Reggies, the team displayed that undaunted spirit, taken as a matter of course within the school, which astounded the seasoned observers and added immeasurably to the undying fame of our school.

Since track is the most popular winter school activity, great interest was aroused as the season wore on and a triumph after triumph was registered by the Blue and Blue "board devils." As a perfect climax to a perfect season, English broke the three-year grip of Mechanics on the Reggie city crown and at the same time chased the jinks which had been dogging the school in all her seasonal windups to date.

Special attention must be given to Captain O'Keefe's sterling leadership, Paul Sweeney's tying of the C hurdle mark, and Court Ellis' cracking of the D high-jump record. Of course there are a host of others who come in for a goodly share of the accolades. To these and to our coach, Mr. Ohrenberger, The RECORD wishes to voice its admiration and pay its tribute to the Regimental Champions of '41.

SUB TURRI

By GEORGE P. CHANGELIAN, '41

Mr. Coughlin of the faculty, browsing through a friend's house library at Rindge, New Hampshire, came across the following item pertaining to a former Head Master of English High School, Thomas Sherwin):

IN December, 1828 he opened a private school for boys, which he successfully conducted one year. At the expiration of this time he was elected sub-master of the English High School in Boston.

Through forty years of faithful and devoted labor he gave proof of ability disciplined by study, and that he fully realized the dignity and honor of his profession. In 1837, Mr. Sherwin was unanimously elected master, and in this position he continued a most successful career, which closed only with his life.

The eminent character of the English High School was widely known and acknowledged. The testimony of Mr. Fraser, an English gentleman appointed to report to Parliament on the condition of the schools of the United States, is in conformity with the public verdict: "Taking it for all in all, and as accomplishing the end at which it proposes to aim, the English High School at Boston struck me as the model school of the United States. I wish," he emphatically adds, "we had a hundred such in England."

* * *

MR. JOHN J. MCCARTHY of the Commercial Department was the lecturer at a Sophomore Assembly on March 20th. He showed and explained a series of films, mostly in color, taken on his extended world's tour of two years ago.

His most enjoyable lecture tour included the Tournament of Roses football game between Alabama University and the University of Southern California, played on New Year's Day. He showed the famous Schofield Barracks, California's famous Army post. Then across the screen in gorgeous color came Waikiki, Fiji, Bali and Java. The mysterious East was unfolded in all its splendor.

Mr. McCarthy concluded his most interesting and profitable lecture with a pictorial review of the famous Legion Convention parade.

DURING the schedule B on Thursday, March 13, Mr. Earl M. Benson, of the English Department, delivered an illustrated talk on vagabonding in Ireland. Mr. Benson, in the company of Mr. Benjamin W. Gurnsey, made this exciting trip five summers ago.

The first lap of their trip was covered by steamer from Boston to Galway, Ireland. Two Raleigh bicycles and the open road offered opportunity for a complete tour of the Irish isle and back again to Galway. From Galway they bicycled to the heart of Ireland, Athlone, then back again to Galway where they boarded a steamer bound for Boston. This whole trip covered a period of sixty-seven days at an expense of a little more than three-hundred dollars.

Starting out from Galway, the pair of vagabonds bicycled up the west coast to the Aran Islands. Mr. Benson stated that the main highways in Ireland were very good and that in a day's time they would not see more than five or six automobiles. Continuing up the coast, they passed through Sligo and Donegal. On the north coast, they passed through Londonderry. Mr. Benson stated that the Irish folk were very hospitable.

They continued down the east coast to Drogheda and then to Dublin, where they visited Trinity College, the Alma Mater of Burke, Goldsmith, and Swift. They also visited Dublin's famous horse show. Ninety per cent of the race horses in England's derbys come from Ireland.

A few miles northeast of Cork they came upon Trappist monastery called Mount Malleray, or the Monastery of Silence. All monks who enter the monastery must make a vow never to speak without a dispensation. Upon entering the monastery they are cut off from the outside world. Mr. Benson learned that some of the monks in the monastery did not even know that there had been a World War in 1914.

Continuing south, they visited Youghal where Sir Walter Raleigh once lived. In the southern part of Ireland, Mr. Benson visited forts built by the Danes in the fifth century, and prehistoric round towers.

They continued their trip across southern Ireland to the Dingle peninsula which lies in the

southwest section of the Erin Isle. While visiting the homes of some of the fishermen at Slea Head, the vagabonding pair saw many articles that had been washed ashore from the sinking of the Lusitania.

Turning northward, they bicycled back to Galway and from there they went to Athlone in the heart of Ireland, and the site of the Irish Broadcasting Station.

Returning to Galway, Mr. Benson and Mr. Burnsey boarded a steamer for Boston and completed their very novel and interesting trip.

* * *

THE choice of a vocation is the most difficult problem facing the high school student. Yet in recent years this problem has been somewhat simplified by the appearance of numerous books and pamphlets dealing with vocations. These books, both fiction and non-fiction, are not only interesting but they are also educational. The fictional books combine drama and facts into exciting reading. The readers live and suffer with the hero and learn to appreciate and understand the problems and joys of his job. The non-fiction books bring to the reader the drama and mystery of real life which is often stranger than fiction. Vocational reading not only teaches the reader the ups and downs of his own chosen profession, but teaches him to appreciate the hardships of others. Vocational reading also helps the student to answer such questions as these: How much will it cost to get a start? How much can I hope to earn? What college, if any, should I attend? The English High School library is well supplied with books which deal with vocations. Among them are the following:

ALLEN—Major League Baseball

BABSON—Finding a Job

BAILEY—Food Products, Their Source, Chemistry, and Use

BANNING—Annapolis Today

BANNING—West Point Today

BARNUM—Here Comes Barnum

BELL—Ice Patrol

BELL—Men of Mathematics

BERNAYS—Outline of Careers

BIRKENHEAD—Famous Trials of History

BORTH—Pioneers of Plenty

BOUCK—Making a Living in Radio

CALAHAN—Learning to Sail

CHASE—A Goodly Fellowship

CLARK—Life Earnings in Selected Occupations

COLLINS—Working With Tools for Fun and Profit

CRAIG—Danger is My Business

CROCKER, FIELDS and BROOMALL—Taking the Stage

CURIE—Madame Curie

DAMROSCH—My Musical Life

DAVID—Our Coast Guard

DISRAELI—Here Comes the Mail

DITMARS—Making of a Scientist

DONNELLY—Preparation for Civil Service

DUNLAP—Marconi: The Man and His Wireless

EDMONSON and DONDINEAU—Vocations Through Problems

ELLSBERG—Men Under the Sea

ELLSBERG—On the Bottom

ELLSBERG—Thirty Fathoms Deep

ENGELSMAN—Getting Ahead in Life Insurance

FETHERSTONHAUGH—Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

FISHWICK—White Coats; a Story of Medical School

FLOHERTY—Moviemakers

FOKKER—Flying Dutchman

HALL—Outdoor Handicraft for Boys

HALLE—Which College?

HAWKS—Once to Every Pilot

HEYLIGER—Mill in the Woods

JONES—Principles of Guidance

JOHNSTON—Famous American Athletes of Today

KIESLING—Talking Pictures

KITSON—I Find My Vocation

KLEMIN—If You Want to Fly

KNAPP—Boys' Book of Annapolis

KNAPP—Boys' Book of West Point

LAY—I Wanted Wings

LEE—Adventuring in Art

LEWIS—How to Be An Advertising Man

LOCKHART—My Vocation, by Eminent Americans

MARJORIBANKS—For the Defense

MAXIM—A Genius in the Family

MENGE—Jobs for the College Graduate in Science

MILES—How Criminals are Caught

MILLER—Bob Wakefield, Naval Aviator

MONK—Modern Boat Building

NORCROSS—Getting a Job in Aviation

O'CONNELL—Recollections of Seventy Years

OLDHAM—How to Fly a Plane

PITKIN—New Careers for Youth

PINCHOT—Training of a Forester

POLK—Essentials of Block-Printing

PRYOR and PRYOR—Let's Go to the Movies!

REXFORD—Beyond the School
 RODGER—Careers
 ROURKE—Audubon
 SANGER—Seventy Years a Showman
 SCIENCE RESEARCH ASSOCIATES—Monographs;
 Occupational Trends
 SMITH—Planning a Career
 STUDLEY—Practical Flight Training
 TANTOR—Training for Secretarial Practice
 TEMPLE UNIVERSITY—Answers to Some Questions
 About Careers
 TOWNE—Adventures in Editing
 U. S. DEPT. OF INTERIOR—Guidance for Careers
 Leaflets
 VAN GELDER—Front Page Story
 WERNER—Barnum
 WILLIAMSON—Twenty Years Under the Sea
 WITCOMBE—All About Mining
 WOODBURY—Glass Giant of Palomar
 YATES—Exploring With the Microscope
 YEAGER—Bob Flame, Ranger

* * *

Miss Catherine Rita McCarthy, B.S., is the

new librarian serving during the absence on leave of Miss Colton. She comes to us from Special Libraries in the Copley Square Division of the Boston Public Library. Miss McCarthy was graduated from the School of Library Science, Simmons College, in 1939. Her professional interests include the Simmons Club of Boston and the American Library Association.

* * *

Captain James A. Caffrey, U. S. A., has been granted leave from his duties as mathematics teacher to join the ground division of the Army Aviation at Westover Field, Chicopee Falls, Mass. Captain Caffrey has been a member of the Reserve Corps for almost twenty years.

The sincere sympathy of all is extended to Mr. Edward Powers of the Faculty on the recent death of his father.

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26 THE RECORD

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307	Narinian, George	160	Buckley, Timothy C.
308	Paul, Edwin	230	Ciriello, Robert
309	Roche, Eugene	231	Cullen, Charles
310	Sheehan, John	252	Driscoll, William M.
311	Stone, William	253	Earley, Francis C.
312	Ustach, Walter	254	Geary, Coleman D.
313	Yick, George	255	Gustowski, Joseph
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Middle Row: Chisholm, Turner, Henderson, Watkins, Cook, Kelly, Coffey.
Last Row: Burton, O'Laughlin, Getz, DiChiaro, Berube, Vacca.

COMBINED COMMITTEES

THE combined committees of the Class of 1941 are those responsible for much of the success of class events. They work quietly and efficiently under the expert guidance of Mr. Frazier. There is no glamor connected with their work; they carry out their duties with a maximum of efficiency and a minimum of publicity. Unfortunately, there are some seniors who do not know of these committees, and therefore do not appreciate the great amount of work that they so competently do. Without the various committees, the senior class officers would be unable to bear the heavy burdens of responsibilities that such offices entail.

These committees strive throughout the year to make that year a successful and bright one for the seniors. Although the Prom Committee is the most widely known because of its fine work in arranging the many social events of the class, the other committees do their work quietly and efficiently so that their class and your class may be among the best ever to graduate from this school.

The members of these committees do not attain individual distinction as do the class officers. They will not be remembered for who they are, but rather for what they collectively have done. Each and every member of the Class of 1941 should be deeply indebted to them for the valuable contributions that they have made to the successful administration of the senior class.

THE ORCHESTRA

THE English High School Orchestra has had a long and distinguished existence. It was organized over forty years ago by James H. Beatley of the Faculty, who was one of Professor J. K. Paine's first students of Harmony at Harvard College. Mr. Beatley labored zealously with his student musicians until his death in 1917. His successor, Arthur B. Joy of the Faculty, was also an accomplished musician and had a deservedly high reputation for personal accomplishment in church and concert work throughout New England. Upon his untimely death in 1925, Mr. Joy was succeeded by LeRoy M. Rand of the Faculty. At the end of this year, after sixteen years of continuous and brilliant leadership, Mr. Rand will relinquish his responsibilities with this famous organization of school musicians.

The orchestra has been the musical incubator for many future great musicians. Among former members of the orchestra who have gone on in the world of music may be noted: Carlos E. Penfield, violinist with the famed Boston Symphony Orchestra for many years; Frank E. Dodger, later tympanist with the orchestra of the Boston Opera Company; Howard Randall, later of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. A roster of former members, now dance band leaders, would include Leo Reisman, Max I. Krulee, Sidney Reinhertz, and Jay Riseman.

The orchestra appears at the principal school assemblies throughout the year. In addition, it makes several public appearances which include a Washington's Birthday concert given annually at the Old South Meeting House since 1898; a concert at the Childrens' Museum; and the program for the graduation exercises at Tremont Temple.

Violinists, Peterson Brandano, Privatera; Drummer, Baker; Trumpets, Getz, Bruno, Trombone, Volk; Piano, Blanc, Grey, Finklestein, Taschetta; Tuba, Valle; Clarinetists, Stasio; French Horn, Roy; Leader, Mr. Trongone



ENCORES

By WILLIAM LANE GRAFFAM

WELL, dear friends here we are in April—all tired out after a march of thirty-one days and all with a severe case of spring fever. The latter probably accounts for the long line of students down by the doctor's office. This is the time of year, you know, when the mood affects the tide and untied. That may explain why publisher **Moe Follansbee** (who got that A in S4 for his Spanish song book) is seen around town with that little de-icer. . . . Remember, **Moe** . . . a man always chases a woman until she catches him. We all are wondering what became of the horse that brings the spuckies . . . he must have died . . . 'cause **DeStefano** swears he saw a horse hair in his spuckie. . . . But we can assure him that there is no horseneat in the spuckies . . . in fact we can assure him there is no meat at all there. **Georgopoulos** was hanging around the Ballet Russe in a Greek soldier's costume . . . he got in, too. Gobs and gobs of fellows are joining the Navy this month. . . . **P. Green** didn't pass but I hear **John Murphy** may. What "2-spuckie man" knows "**Schultzie?**" (he eats two ice creams daily, too). Now let me try some print-hypnotism on you. I guarantee that you will not be able to help yourself and that you will be forced to do what the following hypnotic statement says. . . . The statement is: . . . "Before 24 more hours have passed you shall touch your right elbow with your left hand." . . . I wonder how many guys we'll catch. And now for a word of advice to **Connolly** who's always running for the street car . . . never run after a street car or a woman . . . another will be along any minute. Who's the guy roaming about the building with four new suits to his credit? **Patana** knocked his Physics test cold. . . . Yeah! . . . 'way below zero! We, on the **RECORD** staff, aren't complaining about the payment\$ on the yearbook\$ but we would like to \$ay that . . . er . . . there is a \$mall matter \$ome of the \$tudent\$ \$hould bear in mind. To u\$ it i\$ of \$ome con\$equence; it i\$ nece\$\$ary in our bu\$ine\$\$\$. We are very mode\$t, however, and do not wi\$h to \$peak about it. But we \$ure wi\$h it would be \$ettled \$oon. Someone offers this choice bit of poetry: A hundred years ago today . . . A wilderness was here; . . . A man with powder in his gun . . . Went forth to hunt a deer; . . . But now the times have changed somewhat . . . Along a different plan; . . . A dear with powder on her nose . . . Goes forth to hunt a man. That just goes to show how things do change. In the old days the trees began to lose their foliage in the fall . . . now the leaves begin to turn in the spring . . . especially around final examination time. Those pictures of the Prom . . . so **Crookles** says . . . look like something Mrs. Martin Johnson turns out. . . . That Latin student is back with his bright Latin translations . . . here's his latest: . . . "Pax in bello" . . . "Freedom from indigestion." Ganick nearly went wild when he had to stay after in E5b. . . . "Every minute means money," was the reason for his anxiety. The boys in H5 know that those notebooks are due April 28th . . . what they want to know is what year! **Koven's** theme song after the March **RECORD** came out: "You Can't Have Everything." **Desmond** woke up long enough to contradict that statement I made about his having a "morbid propensity toward sloth and procrastination." . . . (Laziness to you, illiterates.) . . . I'm sorry, **Desmond**, I didn't mean anything. . . . I said I didn't mean anything. . . . I said . . . Desmond! . . . Desmond! . . . Will someone wake him up and tell him I'm sorry for what I said. **Murphy** came through with another one of his weak excuses . . . "I can't pay for my **RECORD** today," he alibied, "I got held up in traffic and they took every cent I had." Speaking of excuses, the mother of a certain senior must spent all her spare time writing excuses for his absencesssssss. . . . Bobby submitted the following suspicious one the other day. . . . Dear Teacher: Kindly excuse Bobby's absence from school yesterday as he fell in the mud. By doing the same you will oblige his mother. . . . One of my spies reported the following conversation which he heard at Chickland the night of the Prom. **Driscoll** had taken his girl there to get a bite to eat before going home. . . . **Driscoll**: "What would you like dear?" . . . **She**: "Well, I'd like some caviar, an order of frogs legs, some fruit salad, sirloin steak, a large lobster, some demi-tasse, and some pie a la mode." . . . **He**: "That's all very well. But now, what will you have?" When **Grant** had his picture taken he ordered the photographer to shoot quick . . . the pleasant expression he was holding hurt his face. . . . Those guys in the Physics laboratory are going bats. Even their conversation is affected, as you can see. . . . "Did you know kilowatt?" . . . "Oh! yes. I often choke coils, too." . . . "Oh, A. C." Well here comes the bottom of the page again and I haven't mentioned **Yancovitz** in my column but there just isn't any room. So I close with . . . a SIGH OF RELIEF!!!!!!!!!!!!!! That's all folks.

WITH THE ALUMNI

WE record with deep regret the recent passing of **John J. Morris, '73**. Of this famous Class of 1873 only twelve members now are living. . . . **Edward F. Cameron** and **Joseph Quilty**, both members of the **Class of '35**, are stationed at the Squantum Naval Air Base as flying cadets in the United States Marine Corps pending their release to the Naval Air Base at Pensacola, Florida. During their senior year at Boston College, they received their "wings" from the Civil Aeronautics Authority. Happy landings, fellows! . . . Orchids to the **Class of '98** for their novel, but appropriate E. H. S. calendar. . . . **Elliot G. Parks, '06**, who captained the Blue and Blue Hockey Team in his senior year, is now doing very well as a competent optometrist. . . . In the Federal Bureau of Investigation at Washington, D. C., may be found **Charles F. Haskins, '29**. . . . **Robert N. Walsh, '40**, is continuing his education at the Reed College in Portland, Oregon. . . . In the University of Virginia at Charlottesville is enrolled **Alfred A. Reardon, '40**. . . . **Carl Goodman, '40**, is studying at the University of Vermont, way up in Burlington. . . . **Joseph Reddy, '37**, was on the Dean's List for the first semester at Syracuse University. He is enrolled in the College of Liberal Arts. . . . To achieve his ambition, **Leonard G. Wolfson, '40**, is attending the Massachusetts School of Optometry. . . . **Archie DiManno, '39**, is at the New England Aircraft School here in good old Boston. . . . **Francis S. Roddy, '40**, is studying at the St. Columban's Seminary of Silver Creek, New York. . . . **Martin B. Marcus, '40**, is in Lowell, Mass., studying at the Lowell Textile Institute. . . . **Abraham Winograd, '38**, has entered the University of Idaho situated at Moscow, Idaho. . . . **John W. Aprile** and **James Fillis**, both of the **Class of '39**, are studying journalism at the Suffolk College of Journalism. . . . On the West coast at Berkley, California, you will find **Walter E. Field, '34** studying at the University of California. . . . **Nathan C. Gerson, '34**, has been admitted to the Home Study Department of the University of Chicago. . . . **Louis Musco, '29**, is now associated with the Donnelly Advertising Company of Boston. While at English High and Boston College, he excelled in gridiron activities. We are informed that he is happily married and the father of two lovely children. . . . **John F. Burns, '39** and **Charles J. Powers, '39**, are both busily engaged in furthering education at Holy Cross. . . . **Joseph P. Tumblety, '39**, is at Fordham University. . . . **Donald Corbett, '30**, is a member of the State Department of Agriculture in Maine. After graduation from the English High School, he attended the University of Maine where he specialized in his chosen profession. . . . **Joseph Peretti, '06**, is doing nicely as owner of a small chain of tobacco stores. . . . Every year offers an opportunity to the graduates of the Boston Public Schools to compete for the Old South prize. The prize is awarded for the best historical essay. In last year's competition, first prize of one hundred dollars was awarded to **William E. Stewart, '40**. . . . **Charles Lavanchy, '40**, is a pitcher on a Bee farm team in Bradford, Pa. He is reported to have entrained for the sunny south for more training. . . . **Fredrick Crowley, '40**, is a pugilist of some ability. He is fighting "pro" under the name of Mickey Ryan. . . . **Samuel Calderwood, '27**, a graduate of the University of Maine, is a representative of a large manufacturing concern in Northern Maine. . . . **Joseph Weiners, '40**, has recently been accepted as a salesman by a prominent, Greater Boston department store. . . . **Dalton A. Gabriel, '30**, is in Richmond, Va. studying at the Virginia Union University. . . . From Madison, Wisconsin, comes word that **Bernard Abelson, '38**, is enrolled in the University of Wisconsin. . . . **Paul N. Osborne, '39** was admitted to the Athletic Union College in South Lancaster, Mass. . . . **Richard P. Hines, '37**, is at the famed Notre Dame University in South Bend, Indiana. . . . **Lawrence K. Palder, '38**, is in North Carolina attending the Guilford College. . . . **Alfred Alperin, '36**, is engaged in the insurance business. He is also directing a Newton-Brookline country day school.

—A. F. A.

Triolet

Oh, pretty is the summer sky
Of soft serene cerulean hue
Where garrulous gulls glide gracefully by.
Oh, pretty is the summer sky
Where willowy blossoms bloom on high,
And pondering, plod the placid blue.
Oh, pretty is the summer sky
Of soft serene cerulean hue.

J. S. N. '41

Winter Winds

Winter winds are like a knife
Strong and howling, full of life,
Bringing bloom to happy cheeks,
Whipping snow o'er mountain peaks,
Madly dashing down the lea,
Hurling ships far out to sea.

Winter winds are full of zest
Laughing loud with merry jest,
Racing geese across the sky,
Echoing their haunting cry,
Playing tag with scudding leaves,
Wrestling with the sturdy trees.

J. S. N., '41

The Sailor's Lament

Oh, the sea's a wicked place, my lad,
As rough as a sailor's beard;
The storms and squalls are Neptune's thralls,
And something to be feared.

If you're used to warmth and comfort, son,
You'd better stick to home;
A seaman's life is full of strife,
And hardtack mixed with foam.

I recall the day in fifty-four,
I left my Ma and Dad;
I thought the sea would set me free
And make my spirit glad.

But soon enough I longed for home
And for my friends and folks;
I rued the day I went astray
And chummed with sailor blokes!

So you'd better think it over, lad,
And take advice from me:
Build a roof above the girl you love
And never go to sea.

J. S. N., '41

CRUISING THE CORRIDORS

HOLA! chicos! Here we are—or as Rubio would have it: Here we go again, boys! We're setting sail on our fifth and final cruise through the corridors. Thus far, we are still alive despite a number of threats. Some of our cruises have been fairly stormy but at no time have we wished to injure your feelings—if any. Springtime is definitely here and another championship baseball team is in the throes of training out at Billings Field. Some of the Roslindale citizens (or should we say—frontiersmen?) have been complaining of the sharp breeze caused by **Malkasian** fanning the air with his bat. The idea of this game, **Sarkis**, is to hit the ball! . . . Before going any further, we would like to apologize for the brevity of this column in the last issue. But we do wish that you seniors might have done something printable before, during, and after the Prom! . . . **Wild Billy Baker** threatened to submit an original verse to the Song Committee. He would have us jitterbugging at the Graduation Exercises! . . . Congratulations to the track team for their sparkling victory in the Reggies! And those Mercuries are so modest! They practically threatened us with annihilation if we didn't fill this issue full of praises for them and pictures of them! **O'Keefe**, **Cusick**, and **Henderson** have been going around since March 15 with their heads (?) high! **Yancowitz** has been hollering for weeks trying to get his name in the **RECORD**. He doesn't care what column we put it in—he says. Well, **Yank**, if you'll kindly oblige us, we'd be glad to give you a write-up in the obituaries. . . . We wonder whether **Barnum** wasn't generous when he said there was "one" born every minute! . . . We hope that **Stroup** does not have the girl trouble next Prom that he had last January. Rumor hath it that he had an even half-dozen lassies on the string and was at a loss for a decision. . . . **Edwards** claims that it was **Carter** who fainted and not his girl when they hit the snow bank. . . . **McSweeney** is now a female—according to **Mabee**. . . . **Arnold Cohen** and **Cook** claim to be the only chemists (?) who have seen an atom with the naked eye. Move over Mr. Einstein! . . . And then there is the American officer who was training a Russian company in the last war. In the course of a drill, he sneezed and three men answered, "Here!" . . . Has **Follansbee** been deluded into thinking that he is a handsome movie star? Or was he wearing those dark glasses because he ran into a door? . . . Beware, **Byron Bush**! There is a plot afoot to foil your Melrose plans. . . . Then there are the freshmen who go around saying that they intend to go to Harvard—or Princeton—or Tech—or maybe West Point! Heh! heh! They have never even heard of College Entrance Exams! . . . **Feldberg** takes great joy and pride in showing every one that perfumed letter from his girl. He keeps it next to his heart. . . . What half the school thought to be a funeral dirge, some time ago, was only the senior class rehearsing **Valle's** brilliant class song. . . . The junior elections have come and gone, leaving a mess of woeful and miserable defeated candidates. And some of them will still run next year. They'll never learn! . . . Words of the Wise Dept.: **Graffam**: It must be the beams that keep the moon from falling. . . . **H4 Teacher**: "And general corruption reigned after the Civil War." **Chiten**: "What army did he lead?" . . . And then there is the story of the minister who was attempting an eulogy at a funeral. He said: "We have here only the shell. The nut is gone!" . . . Well, children, we finally killed off Professor Noah Lotte. Now the fellows on next year's staff will have to invent a new character. . . . But Uncle Louey and Yascha McGillicuddy live merrily on! . . . **Nadie** tells us that he knows of a farmer who came into the city one morning and followed a sprinkler wagon for seven blocks to tell the driver that it was leaking! . . . (Oh! we can put anything in this column!) . . . **Christakie William Georgopoulos** is threatening destruction upon ye editors of ye **RECORD**. He hath heard that we're not going to put his full name in the yearbook. Is it possible that he thinks that we're going to use up two pages just for his name? (Is it possible that he thinks?) . . . This Is the Time of the Year Dept.: This is the time of the year when the seniors begin drifting out on C. P. but, likelier than not, they'll be drifting back next year—on P. G. . . . **Dick Lapp** wants us to say something complimentary about him in this column! Impossible! . . . **Kaplan** has submitted a geometric problem to the **RECORD**. It proves that there are four ways of getting to a certain point. We suggest that he state four easy ways of getting to the Farewell Prom for unfortunates who can not get a car of their own and have not reserved the back seat of a friend's limousine. . . . And now the time has come, dear readers, to bid you adios! We have come to the end of our last cruise through the corridor. [Many of us will be cruising other corridors next year—some in college—and others in office buildings. But our hearts will always be back here in the English High School, cruising these worn but enchanted passages along with you who will be lucky enough to spend at least one more year here. So, all ashore! We'll be seeing you seniors in the yearbook!

—P. A. C.

ME AN' BUTCH

By JAMES T. MURPHY, '41

IT all started las' Friday when me and Butch hit the pool for a hundred smackers. We neither of us had never won such a wad of dough before, so we was both happy about it all.

"Well, pal," I says to Butch after we collected, "this calls for a spoige. Whaddaya say we take in a nite club and a mid-nite show?"

But Butch gets awfully mad at that and he says we should put on lots of class an' go to the opera an' mebbe meet some high-tone people which could give us better jobs than throwin' bums outta the Chez Sadie over in Passaic. I tells Butch the idea is swell, 'cause we can mix a little business with our pleasure. So I leaves all the plannin' to him, 'cause he can read and he listens to race results an' knows all about what to do at ritzy places like operas.

Friday, I goes downstairs to the opera house to resoive tickets cause Butch says that's what all them swells in the pictures do. I didn't wait in line at the box-office very long, 'cause I got tired and shoves all the ole biddies outa my way.

"Lemme have two seats for the opera," I asks the gal inside.

But she flings right back at me, "Do you want them for: 'Die Walkine,' 'Der Rosenkaelier,' 'Die Gotterdamening,' 'Pigolette,'

But I'm quick on the comeback an' I says, "Look, sis, you can't insult me like that an' expect me to buy tickets to no bum opera, leastwise, not while the Bijou is still open. An foithermore, I don't like your face."

"I'm very sorry, sir," she gurgles back in a rusty sort of a voice, "What I meant was, for what night do you wish your tickets?"

I tells her to can the soft soap an' gimme two for Saturday night. Then she wants to know do I want to sit in a box, the orchestra, the loge, or the balcony.

By dis time I'm pretty fed up, so I sails right into her an' tells her that I don't want to sit on a soap box, or any box for that matter, an' I have enough dough not to have to sit in the balcony, or with the musicians, or the Elks. But all the people standin' in line tell me the orchestra has the best seats, so I gets two in the sixth row an' then takes the taxi back to Butch's roomin' house.

While I was gone, Butch rented two dress suits which was pretty crusty lookin'; but the best he could do for four bits a night. Natcherly, I puts up an argument about wearin' them duds 'cause I wanted to make a little splash with my new dungarees. But Butch tells me all high-tone people wear clothes like them he rented an' foithermore we can't get in the joint without them.

Me an' Butch spent all day Saturday gettin' ready for the big blowout. I washed our shoit cuffs an' gave Butch a hair cut which made him look a little lopsided. An' Butch had to sew cuffs on them dress suit pants, but what can ya expect for fifty cents a nite?

At six we goes over to "Boinie's" to grab off a little grub before we goes to the theater, as the swells say. All the gang in the diner are surprised to see me an' Butch lookin' so much like a couple of dukes. We tells 'em where we're goin' an' I tells 'em what a time I had tiein' Butch's tie, which ain't really a tie but a poiple coitan tie-back. An' Butch tells about the trouble I had gettin' Gertie's green hair-ribbon to use for a tie, an' the time I had gettin' into them snappy leather slippers of Frankie's. An' pretty soon they was a real ole gab fest goin' strong, wit' me an' Butch in the thick of it. It was eight o'clock before we comes to and remembers we had to get to the opera by eight-thirty. So we had Boinie throw some salami sandwiches an' a cupple of slabs of lemon pie into a paper bag so's we wouldn't starve before the night was over.

When we gets to the opera house everybody was very nice except them people we had to shove out of our way. A nice lookin' goil usher grabbed ahol' of us an' dragged us down to our seats an' stands there wit' her hand out after we was seated.

"That's a nice lookin' ring ya got, toots!" Butch says. You know how polite Butch is when he's puttin' on the dog?

Just then a pair of wimmin wearin' fur tents an' plenty of ice come in an' sits down beside me. They was O. K. for seventy-five, except one had a red wig which kinda clashed wit' her green skin. They talked kinda funny an' one had one of them fuzzy little animals which sum people calls a dog. The one wit' the pooch explained to

the guy in front of me that Fifi liked operas and that's why she brang her.

They seems like nice people so I says, "Well, goils, how do ya think Brooklyn will make out this year?"

But they just sets there wit'out answerin'. I guess I slapped 'em on the back a little too hard.

Pretty soon everybody starts clappin' an' a frowzy lookin' boid wit' a yardstick in his hand comes out and takes a bow. All the lights go out except for them little ones down hear the musicians. So I toins to Butch an' says, "How come them guys rate lights when we hafta sit here in the dark?"

But Butch just gives me a poke an' says, "This guy next to me tells me the opera is 'The Walk-over' and Christine Flagpole and Larry Belcher are goin' to sing the parts of Broomhandle and Sig Mund. Lotta Leavings is playin' Stinklinda, so don't expect too much from all them substitutes."

"Shut up, Butch," I says, "'cause the coitin is goin' up. Say! It's kinda dark on the stage, too, ain't it? I wonder if them actors paid their lite bills?"

Just then Stinklinda comes out from behind a tree which is growin' in the middle of the stage which is fixed up like a livin' room an' a bedroom both. She loosens up wit' a few screams an' goes over to the door and lets in Sig, her boy fren'. Everybody claps and they hug, but poisonally I don't see what she sees in him, 'cause he needs a shave an' looks pretty shabby in them rabbit skins. They goes into a huddle an' compare notes on wooin'. She screams an' stamps at him an' he roars right back at her. Me an' Butch thinks this is very funny and we have a big laff over it till the ushers come and tell us to calm down.

After five minutes of this slapstick, I gets hungry and takes out a couple of Boinie's salamies an' gives Butch one, too. Everybody starts lookin' at us kinda funny, but we know that we can't treat the whole gang so I offers my pie to the ole wimmin on the sly. I guess that they was kinda shy too, 'cause they slipped it under the seat instead of eatin' it. I tells 'em I wuz sorry we can't feed little Fifi, but as usual they gives me the cold shoulder.

By this time things begin to pop on the stage when Stinklinda's husband comes in an' catches them. Hounding, that's his monicker, starts

roarin' and bellowin', Stinklinda is screamin' an' poor ole Sig is stompin' all around the stage lookin' for a place to hide. But the hubby is wise to both of 'em, so after fifteen minutes of snortin' an' wheezin', he tells Sig to come out and yells to Stinky to rustle up some grub. Now this guy is a man after me own heart, 'cause instead of bouncin' Sig out, he tells him he can sleep on the porch before he gets bumped off in the mornin'.

All this time me an' Butch was gettin' pretty fed up. So to ease up, I bummed some butts off the guy in front of us and as soon as we lit up, some dame with scaly skin and plenty of paint on starts yellin', "Fire! Fire!"

All the ushers an' managers come down and ast us to leave, since we wuz distoibin' the patrons. We thought it wuz one swell idea cause Sig and Stinklinda and the frowzy band-leader was all gettin' terribly corny.

And, Oinie, here's where everything starts to happen. As we gets up to go, Butch slips on the lemon pie under Tootsie's seat, Tootsie bein' the one with the red wig. He gives her a straight arm in the ear as he goes down and knocks her wig onto Fifi. Fifi bounces into the middle aisle and starts hoppin' around. Everybody gets awful excited includin' me, 'cause a red wig with four legs an' a tail ain't a very common sight. Poor Fifi is excited too. All the ushers is chasin' her with furs an' canes.

All this time Tootsie had her tent pulled up aroun' her ears an' Butch was under the seat yellin', "Bring on the bicycle act!"

The band pertended not to notice anything till Fifi landed in the tuba, and the tuba blew her into Stinklinda's puss; (a good ad for Burma Shave).

Pretty soon all the cops in the joint is haulin' me an' Butch out of the place. Butch was yellin', "We was gipped!" Stinklinda fainted, Sig was climbin' the tree and yellin', and Frowzy fell into the base drum. All I remember after that was Fifi bein' kicked aroun' the stage and Butch takin' a bow in the lobbee an' lookin' kinda serprised when the sargeant beaned him.

We wakes up next day in the jug feeling pretty low; and we was there for three days before I gets the brite idear to rite sum of our "good" frens over to Høboken to get us out. The foist one I thinks of is Oinie O'Slapskovitch, who is also a good fren of Lola's. So seein' as I ain't a

good riter I has the sheriff rite the following letter to Oinie:

My deer Oinie!

Well, my deer ole fren, how are you and Lola an' all the gang back home? Perhaps you are wonderin' why I'm writin' you from jail. Well, my deer ole pal, don't get excited and worried 'cause it's just a little matter of a hundred bucks bail. Ha! Ha! And Oinie, believe me, you was the foist one I thought of to get us out. "Us" meanin' that Butch is in with me, and boy I hope you don't let me an' good ole Butch down. And you won't, will you?

Goodbye,

Delaney

P.S. To be honest wit' you let me foist say it was all Butch's fault—in case you can only send fifty bucks.

We waited an' hoped, for about three weeks gettin' more fed up every day an' gettin' trimmed in every game of pinochle that we started with the sheriff. Then finally a penny pos' card arrives from Oinie with the following little message:

Dear Delaney:

We got your note a coupla days ago and we is sorry youse is in the can but we bin thinkin' an' we all agree that you an' Butch need a little rest an' a county jail is the best place for that. So we're sorry but we ain't sendin' the money because of that—which is as good a reason as any. So we'll be seein' you in thirty days. I'll have Franky cancel yer cookin' lessins over at Sacie's.

Goodbye,

Oinie

P.S. Glutsie thinks we're cheapskates, too.

PROFESSOR NOAH LOTTE

By WILLIAM LANE GRAFFAM, '41

PROFESSOR NOAH LOTTE greets his admirers (??) for the last time this season. The professor, as you know is an intrepid explorer who has traveled extensively and has the degree of M.D. (Mentally Deficient). He was a teacher of biology at Sing Sing where he formed a walking club to study the surrounding botanical wonders. This Sing Sing Walking Club soon grew popular and the walks lenthened until the Professor was requested to break it up. He obliged and broke out—er—it up and retired to private life. Now, after several years of traveling, he has established himself here in English High School as a counselor to those who have knotty problems and cannot solve them. His latest ones appear below.

Q. Dear Professor&%\$†

I can marry a poor girl whom I love or a rich girl whom I don't. Which one should I marry?

Hiram Once&%\$*

A. Dear Mr. Once&%\$†

By all means marry the poor girl. And by the way, send me the address of the rich one.

Q. Dear Prof&%\$†

Which side of my girl should I walk on, the right or left?

Huh&%\$†

A. Dear Huh&%\$†

Neither. Walk on the ground where you belong.

Q. Dear Professor&%\$†

I am a young scientist studying Bysophy, Histeria, Geomaphy, Cemetary and two other natural sciences which I cannot spell. Can you give me some information on the human body that will help me in my course? I await your reply.

Suspicious&%\$†

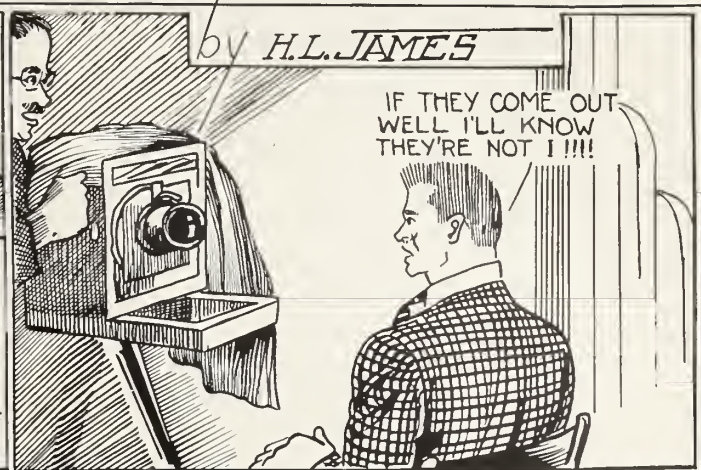
A. Dear Suspicious&%\$†

I am very glad that I can be of help to you and I sincerely hope that the following will be of help.

As you probably know every man has a skeleton to hitch him up to. Every man also has a skull made up of five bones, a frontal, two sideals, a backal, and a topal. He also has a thorax which is merely a bony cage containing the heart and lungs which first expands and then expires. All food goes down the food pipe and the Efflougis shushes it off from going down the wind pipe. This food soon reaches the stomach which is the size of a hen's egg and holds two quarts. It contains the liver, intestines, and other organs. The two digestive juices are the bile and sarcastic juice. I hope this will clear it up for you.

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by H.L. JAMES



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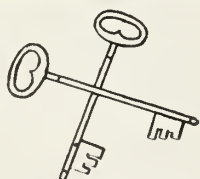
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